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"THE MORAL CRISIS OF PROHIBITION" is the title of an editorial in the *Christian Century*, which comes close to being the most Christian church periodical in America. This paper attacks the political methods of the Anti-Saloon League, saying:

> If the churches are to continue to support prohibition as a moral issue they cannot do so on a basis which is itself morally questionable. Prohibition is *a* moral issue, not *the* moral issue. It does not transcend nor fuse into itself all the other moralities. . . . Almost without knowing how it happens they [the churches] find themselves walking arm in arm with the Ohio gang, with a Len Small-Frank Smith gang, with that most cynical, most sinister of American figures, the "political Dry". . . . While the church is being maneuvered into alliance with political infamy, laws may stand or laws may fall, but the moral authority of the church cannot survive.

This is refreshing candor, and indicative, perhaps, of a new awakening. Since the *Christian Century's* editorial was written we have had two more exhibits of "political Dryness." The first came in the story of the arrest of the Governor of Alabama at a liquor-drinking party. The dispatches report that a Negro servant, after receiving a promise of pardon from the Governor, long an ardent political Dry, assured the court that the liquor was his and that he was giving it to the Governor and his friends. The other and more encouraging exhibit is a speech by Governor Pierce of Oregon, who is said to be personally as well as politically Dry: he calls for a new campaign of education, charging that the attempt to browbeat people into Dryness has failed. "We cannot legislate people into being moral and temperate," he says. And he is right; this country has had too much political and not enough personal Dryness.

ANOTHER ELECTION SCANDAL has bobbed up to bother the Republicans—this time in their own State of Maine, where Arthur R. Gould, a rich Republican, was elected as United States Senator against Fulton J. E. Redmond, Democrat. The first charge was that Mr. Gould went far beyond the legal limits of primary expenditures in his recent campaign. This was declared unproved by the Secretary of State. Worse than this, his Democratic opponent has brought out the fact that Mr. Gould in 1918 paid $100,000 to the then Prime Minister of New Brunswick, Mr. Flemming, during the construction of the St. Johns Valley and Quebec Railway, of which Mr. Gould was the leading spirit. This was termed an act of bribery by Chief Justice Harrison A. McKeown of New Brunswick and, because Mr. Gould had been held personally guilty of this bribery, he was non-suited in the effort made by him and his associates to recover $335,000 which they claimed was due them from the Province. Mr. Gould admits that the $100,000 was paid, but asserts that it was done against his protest by his associates, that it was not a bribe but a political assessment demanded by the Premier as the price for the continuance of this American enterprise. Subsequently, Mr. Gould declares, another demand was made for $50,000, and when this was refused his company was put out of business. Since he adds that every American enterprise in New Brunswick was similarly held up by politicians, it is evident that we have here a first-class scandal which should be investigated by the authorities in Canada as well as by the Senate of the United States.

SECRETARY HOOVER rejoices, and well he may, that in the fiscal year 1925-1926 prosperity in the United States reached a point never before attained in the volume of production and consumption, in the quantity of exports

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and imports, and in the rate of wages. He admits that there are three or four bad spots—the New England textile industry, the bituminous coal fields, and, "in two or three sections," the agricultural industry. On the whole, he declares, "the country was able to maintain the highest standard of living in its history—a standard far above that in most other countries of the world at this or any other time." Since the close of the last fiscal year, however, the agricultural distress, which was never confined to only two or three sections, has grown steadily worse, particularly among the cotton growers. In Iowa the situation is alarming; no less than nineteen banks failed there in one week, all in agricultural sections. In North Dakota, where 600,000 persons inhabit a State larger than New York, conditions are equally harassing, while in the East the farmers are just about able to hold out, though making no money. On the same day that Mr. Hoover declared that agricultural conditions were improving, Senator Brookhart of Iowa declared that "America's much-vaunted prosperity means sheriff sales for the farmer." A million farmers, he asserted, have lost their homes during the Coolidge and Harding Administrations. Laws, he added, have created this situation and only new laws can remedy it. As a matter of fact, the worst offenders are the tariff laws; we are seeing now the fine flowering of the protective tariff system which has exalted manufacturing at the expense of agriculture. Perhaps the Business Men's Commission on Agriculture, which has so wisely chosen Charles Nagel as its chairman, will see and recognize this truth.

THE REVOLT OF THE JUDGES will doubtless result in the modification of some of the more hysterical provisions of the Baumes laws in New York. Designed to reduce crime they are succeeding most effectively in reducing justice. They have so completely robbed the courts of their discretionary powers in sentencing offenders previously convicted for felonies that one judge after another has protested. Judge Taylor's refusal to give a life sentence to a Negro with three previous convictions, who had been induced by the District Attorney's office to plead guilty as a first offender, will be reviewed by Justice Lewis of the Supreme Court. Following Judge Taylor, but employing opposite tactics, Judge Collins in the Court of General Sessions sentenced a man to life imprisonment and then publicly denounced the Baumes laws as "inflexible, arbitrary, mandatory" and plainly suggesting "mob philosophy in the enactment of legislation." The prisoner had been sentenced to five years for the offense in question—an assault with a knife during a drunken brawl—but had been remanded for resentence when a third conviction was found in his record. A few days later Judge Allen similarly increased the term of a prisoner from eighteen months to life imprisonment with reluctance and a vigorous attack upon the mandatory features of the laws. Even a few district attorneys, including Love of Monroe County and Banton of New York, have expressed disapproval of the mandatory life sentence for offenders who have already committed three felonies. When the rest of this hard-boiled brotherhood suffers a similar change of heart we may hope for a reversion to justice.

WE HAVE LONG been skeptical about the alleged superiority of Jersey justice, as our readers who have followed our comments on the Passaic strike must be aware. Now, having watched the conduct of the Hall-Mills murder trial, we are emphatically of the opinion that whatever the verdict another severe blow has been dealt to the judiciary in that State by the conduct of the case. In common, we are convinced, with multitudes of people, we have found ourselves disgusted by the antics of the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Simpson, who has only himself to thank if the average newspaper-reader considers him a mountebank, a play actor, and a low-grade politician with no regard for the standards and ethics of his profession. But what shall one say of the judges who permitted this prosecuting attorney to turn upon Henry Stevens and ask him whether his mother was a virtuous woman and whether his brother was not the bastard child of a mulatto? No one can pretend that these questions had the remotest connection with the guilt or the innocence of the Stevens brothers. No judge who respected his ermine would have permitted them to be asked. Such a happening would have been unthinkable in an English courtroom. The tables are turned when well-to-do and cultivated people thus suffer the treatment accorded to Negroes, radicals, and friendless folk in general, but the dignity of the courts is not enhanced nor is the cause of justice served.

IN OUR ISSUE of February 18, 1925, we told how Rothschild Francis, editor of the *Emancipator* of St. Thomas Virgin Islands, had been prosecuted for libel because of criticism—which to us seemed quite within bounds—of the local police force. He was declared guilty by Judge George Washington Williams, sitting without a jury. When in a subsequent issue of his newspaper Mr. Francis took exception to this conviction he was again haled before Judge Williams, who sentenced him to jail and a fine for contempt of court. Mr. Francis took an appeal from both convictions to the federal courts in this country, where the conviction for libel was overthrown but the sentence for contempt was upheld. A. A. Berle, Jr., carried the latter decision to the United States Supreme Court in behalf of Mr. Francis, but that tribunal recently refused to review the case. When news of this action reached the Virgin Islands Judge Williams clapped Mr. Francis into jail for the thirty days to which he had been sentenced and, as the editor did not pay the $100 fine which was a part of the punishment, 100 more days in prison were imposed on that account. With fine courage and appreciation of the principles involved, Mr Francis refused to ask the Governor for a pardon or commutation of sentence.

THAT A MAN of such mediocre abilities and temperamental unfitness for the bench as George Washington Williams should occupy the highest judicial post in the Virgin Islands is due to their remoteness from our continental press and a lack of local democratic control. That Judge Williams should be able to vent his spleen upon so devoted and unselfish a popular leader as Mr. Francis—who had incurred judicial displeasure by opposing the reappointment of Judge Williams—should be an argument in Congress for ending the anomalous and autocratic "temporary government" by naval officers that has spelled political dissatisfaction and economic disaster for the islands since we acquired them almost ten years ago. Incidentally the sentence of Mr. Francis calls attention to the unfairness of compelling a man to work out a fine at the rate of $1 a day. The extreme penalty for contempt of court in the

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Virgin Islands is thirty days in jail, but to this may be added a fine of $200, which if not paid means 200 days' additional imprisonment. The era is far in the background when even the humblest worker's time could be rated at $1 a day. Prisoners ought to demand a more adequate rate. If necessary to obtain it, they would be justified in walking out.

THE SALE OF THE WHITE STAR LINE to the Royal Mail Steamship Company interests consummates a deal which will be of considerable value to that lame duck, the International Mercantile Marine, an organization to dominate the North Atlantic trade formed by the elder J. P. Morgan on an economically unsound basis. It has been attacked from the beginning as an organization inimical both to American interests and to British interests, for it has meant the operating of ships under three flags by one company. For a long time past the sale of the White Star ships has plainly been called for, but for some mysterious reason the bargain arrived at between the International Mercantile Marine and the Furness-Withy interests, outlined in our editorial of May 12, 1926, failed to go through. The acquisition of the White Star vessels makes Baron Kylsant the world's greatest shipping operator, controlling, as he now does, 538 ships—he bought his first steamer in 1889. Since he became chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company in 1902 it has acquired the fleets of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, the Glen Line, the Shire Line, the Lamport and Holt Line, the Forwood Line, the Shaw, Savile, and Albion Line, the great Union Castle fleet of fifty vessels, the Elder, Dempster Line, and now the White Star Line. If Baron Kylsant continues absorbing fleets we may yet see almost a monopoly of British shipping in one man's hands.

IN 1895 A MARRIAGE was contracted and solemnized at St. Thomas's Church in New York City. In 1920 the marriage was dissolved and each of the divorced pair married again. In 1926 the original marriage was annulled, declared never to have existed, by the Rota, high court of the Roman Catholic Church. This apparently superfluous formality was carried out in order to regularize in the eyes of that church the second marriage of one of the persons involved, whose Catholic husband was not permitted to marry a divorced woman. If the existence of the second marriage was to have religious recognition the non-existence of the first marriage had to be established. And so the court at Rome annulled, on the ground of coercion, the marriage performed in New York by a Protestant Episcopal bishop. A case of bad professional manners, no doubt, and a silly business all around. But when the ministers of various sects in the United States, from John Haynes Holmes and Harry Emerson Fosdick to John Roach Straton, support Bishop Manning in his denunciation of this infringement of Episcopalian and American rights we are astonished. If Consuelo Vanderbilt, in order to satisfy the demands of her present marriage, finds it necessary to have a previous marriage wiped off the ecclesiastical record why should anybody regret that the legal system of the Church of Rome permits so elastic an interpretation of the marriage vow? But we cannot accept the optimistic belief of the *Living Church* (High Church Episcopalian) that "marriage standards in Rome and Soviet Russia appear to be approaching a common plane."

Nonsense

OLD China, struggling to give birth to a modern nation, is in a stage of spasmodic convulsions. She has been begging the Powers to leave her alone, to stop dosing her with their medicine. And at a moment when she seems to have some hope of pulling herself together, when the Canton group is at last uniting the country, the Powers, deaf these many years, suddenly present their report, which says in effect: We will not change our tactics until you get well. The Extraterritoriality Commission, with Silas Strawn as chairman, having spent some months studying China, notes her chaotic condition and coolly concludes, if the preliminary summaries are to be trusted, that this is no time to change medicine. In the future, maybe, if conditions mend, perhaps, the Powers will consider, possibly, local changes in their claims of extraterritoriality.

This is nonsense. It exhibits an appalling lack of sense of proportion. Here is a solemn report, signed by the representatives of Italy, Spain, Portugal, Japan, Belgium, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, France, the British Empire, and the United States—the "Treaty Powers." Italy, Spain, and Portugal are ruled by military juntas, Japan by a despotic clique; Britain holds India by force alone; Belgium and Italy have compounded their debts, but France is simply stalling, with no apparent intention of paying her debt to the United States; and the United States seems utterly incapable of solving its own gunman and lynching problems. Yet the representatives of these nations presume to sit in judgment on China, to complain that she is governed by military leaders, that her treasury is depleted, that "the extension and protection of the new legal and judicial systems are being retarded," and smugly demand that China reform herself. Before the Powers withdraw their claims to separate jurisdiction in China, they assert, China must reform her police, her prisons, her commercial code ("including negotiable-instruments law, maritime law, and insurance law"), establish modern detention-houses, and so on through a long string of requirements to the condescending conclusion that

> After the principal items thereof have been carried out the Powers concerned, if so desired by the Chinese Government, might consider the abolition of extraterritoriality, according to such progressive schemes (whether geographical, partial, or otherwise) as may be agreed upon.

Preposterous as this is on the face of it, it is even more ridiculous in view of the facts of the Chinese situation. China is in civil war; but in her attitude toward foreigners she is united. "The gravest situation since the Boxer uprising," British dispatches call the present patriotic effervescence. The Powers are in no position to dictate to her, partly because there is no government to dictate to, still more because they have no power to coerce four hundred million people scattered along the river valleys of a nation as big as a continent, feeling, thinking, and acting—toward the foreigners—as one. One American diplomat put it thus: "We Westerners are like a man tied to the rear platform of a moving train and trying to keep his footing." China, huge, apparently chaotic, is driving powerfully toward independence. Bit by bit she is destroying the shackling treaties. The Powers can accept gracefully now or, later, yield clumsily; to attempt to refuse is to ignore dynamic facts.

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Storm Signals in Mexico

NO, not Mexican signals, but United States signals, and for the fourth time in 1926. Secretary Kellogg has broken loose again. He has, first, inspired a vicious press attack on Mexico apropos of Nicaragua, so that for several days our highly reliable dailies were filled with assertions that from Mexico, that hotbed of Bolshevism, a most dangerous communistic and anti-American propaganda was going all through Central and South America. This he followed up by similarly inspired suggestions that if Mexico persisted in her course in regard to her constitution and land laws there was every prospect that there would be a rupture of diplomatic relations. Simultaneously with this appeared the stories of various minor revolts and of impending revolts in Mexico to which we have already referred. Never was there a clearer case of government-inspired propaganda, and, to our regret, we must record that the Associated Press lent itself to this outrage by carrying the sensational anti-Mexican matter without citing the source. Hitherto it has been Associated Press policy, according to our understanding, to state the origin of a story in order that no charge of being used for propaganda purposes might lie against it.

We regard these developments as serious despite the fact that this is the fourth flurry in this year and that the English oil companies in Mexico have announced their acceptance of those provisions of the Mexican petroleum laws which have so excited our State Department under Messrs. Hughes and Kellogg. Our anxiety is due to the fact that the foreign policy of the United States is in the hands of two exceptionally weak men, Mr. Kellogg and Mr. Coolidge, the latter of whom has, if Washington dispatches are to be trusted, about made up his mind to attempt to break the third-term tradition by becoming a candidate for the Presidency in 1928. Weak men are more to be feared in our foreign affairs than strong men—witness the readiness of William McKinley to plunge this country into war with Spain purely for partisan reasons, to which fact the historian James Ford Rhodes is the latest witness. We are well aware of the high-sounding words used by President Coolidge in regard to our foreign affairs, to which the New York *World* calls attention in this connection. He said to Congress that for a hundred years we had been pledged "to the peaceful settlement of controversies between nations; by example and by treaty we have advocated arbitration." He also told Congress in his last message that "the policy of our foreign relations, casting aside any suggestion of force, rests solely on the foundation of peace, good-will, and good works." But coming from Mr. Coolidge these sentiments are nothing but the ordinary politician-bunk. They mean nothing. They afford not the slightest guaranty that our policy toward Mexico and Nicaragua will be decent or humane, for Mr. Coolidge is the tool of big business and what big business wants he will do. If our capitalists who have investments in Mexico do not desire to be reasonable and sensible, like their British brethren, we shall undoubtedly have a rupture of diplomatic relations and a policy based upon force—perhaps even a nice little war.

We therefore urge all who have the interest of both countries at heart to rouse themselves once more to make it known in Washington that they do not propose to hav the United States play the bully and put itself in th position of attempting to dictate to Mexico what her law and her constitution shall be—a policy we should neve dare to assume toward any country of our own size. Righ now is the time to make those protests felt in Washington not after the breaking off of relations. This time thos who deliberately seek strife with Mexico are reinforced b many thousands of our countrymen of the Catholic faitl who, not without some reason, feel themselves outraged b the policy of the Mexican Government toward the Catholi faith. President Coolidge wisely refused to make this reli gious issue the basis of a remonstrance to the Mexica Government—a fact we are glad to record to his credi even though we cannot help suspecting that he was mor afraid of the Catholic issue than inspired by a desire t keep his hands off a purely domestic Mexican issue. Bu multitudes of Catholics will stand behind Congressma John J. Boylan of New York in his announced determinatio to compel the Foreign Affairs Committee of the House t act upon his resolution for the severance of diplomati relations with Mexico. Fortunately Senator Borah ha spoken out well and refuses to be stampeded in t direction.

Again must we call attention to the deliberate propa ganda to get us into war with Mexico. The worst offender are the owners of the Chicago *Tribune* and *Liberty*, me who in their callous disregard of justice and right-dealin are constantly urging upon the United States the forcibl annexation of Mexico upon the purely materialistic groun that the Mexicans are not exploiting their natural resource and that therefore we should. *Liberty* has just been caugh printing a picture which purported to portray "Catholic Withdrawing Deposits from the Bank of Mexico in Pro test Against the Seizure of Church Property," whereas i was a picture taken and published eleven months before th attempted boycott, in fact before the troubles with th Catholics began, and represented persons depositing instea of withdrawing funds. It is thus that feeling is arouse against Mexico, and always these inciters to strife assum that the United States is inevitably and invariably righ and that we have the power, the right, and the duty t supervise her conduct of her own affairs and even of he foreign relations.

The assertion that Mexico is bolshevik and is spreadin bolshevist propaganda is the merest nonsense. Unde President Calles, as we have repeatedly pointed out, there i being carried on a progressive, social policy in the interes of the Mexican masses, which the United States in som respects ought rather to be imitating than criticizing. Leas of all should there be criticism of her oil laws at the momen when Fall, Sinclair, and Doheny are on trial for alienatin part of the birthright of the American people. If certai Mexicans choose to supply arms to revolutionists i Nicaragua, they are merely imitating what United State citizens have been doing in most of the republics to th south of us for the last hundred years. Blustering agains Mexico and the threats against her can have only one effec —the rousing of all the Central and South America republics against us.

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Britannia Still Rules

THE British Empire has been indulging in a mild session of psychoanalysis. The result is a document which indicates no profound change in the relations of the component parts of the empire, but a considerable gain in self-knowledge. The assembled imperial statesmen admit in paper conditions which already existed in fact. They prove themselves true to the British tradition of writing constitutions only after muddling them out in practice.

We print in the International Relations Section this week the first part of the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference. It has not yet been accepted by the governments concerned, but in view of the fact that the prime ministers of every Dominion participated in its sessions there can be little doubt that the report may be accepted at face value. It declares that "Great Britain and the Dominions" are

> autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British commonwealth of nations.

This recognition of the independence and sovereignty of the Dominions is essentially a mere formulation of a fact made evident by the separate membership of the Dominions in the League of Nations, by Canada's independent negotiation of a treaty with the United States, and Ireland's and Canada's appointment of their own ministers to Washington. But it is new as a formulation of a principle which had been growing without definition. To realize how new is the acceptance of that formulation it is only necessary to recall the furore aroused by General Hertzog's speech at Stellenbosch last May (*reprinted in The Nation for* July 14), when the South African Prime Minister said:

> Each Dominion is, by virtue of its self-governing constitution, created a free, independent state, with the right to international recognition by foreign Powers; but with a common connecting link between itself and Great Britain, centered in the King. . . . All unity among the Dominions themselves and between the Dominions and Great Britain must originate in agreement and cooperation.

For that speech General Hertzog was denounced by the British in South Africa as a traitor to the empire, and at the opening of the Imperial Conference he was treated by the London press as a dangerous wild man. It was not yet permissible to assert in plain words what was already in fact the practice of half the Dominions. Yet after weeks of earnest study the committee has reached a formula which can scarcely be differentiated from General Hertzog's.

It must be recognized that the British Empire is still a dual organism. Recognition of the independence of the Dominions, with a home population essentially similar to that of Great Britain itself, does not alter by one iota the far-flung structure of the great red empire on which the sun never sets. Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Suez, Aden, India, Singapore, Borneo, Hongkong, the Sudan, East and West Africa, Kenya, Rhodesia, the Falkland Islands, the British West Indies, and the rest—they remain as before, outposts of an empire which rules them primarily in its own interest. Nowhere in the report is that harshest of imperial problems, the color line, touched upon. South Africa may, conceivably, have a little freer hand than before in holding down her natives and barring the Hindus; India remains precisely where she was. Some of these domains may be conceived, as Mr. Zimmern optimistically paints them, as part of a parade of colonies marching upward toward dominion status, self-government, and essential independence; but the Imperial Conference changes their status only in so far as it alters the position of the Dominions, which may be regarded as their ideal.

While this long report deals with the intricate questions of independent and semi-independent treaty-making, of dominion merchant marines and of dominion consuls in foreign countries, of conflicts of dominion legislation and of appeal to the Privy Council as a sort of Supreme Court for the empire (characteristically sidestepping this stumbling-block by a thoroughly ambiguous form of words), it nowhere touches upon the questions of imperial preference and of imperial economic unity. The emphasis has shifted since the early post-war days. Then there was talk *both of preference and of a joint imperial foreign* policy for which the Dominions would share responsibility. Times have changed; the Dominions have in practice worked out their salvation, and in the main this document accepts their independence.

It is an impressive object-lesson in political evolution without the rumble of threatened armed conflict. Since the war the Dominions have grown mightily, and Britain, with some anguish of soul, has had the good sense freely to recognize their new stature. The chief troubles of empire have come not from those regions to which the greatest autonomy has been granted but in those where the ruling country still tries to sit on the lid.

Midway in the Season's Books

THOUGH only one-half of the books announced by American publishers in their fall lists have yet been issued, it is now possible to survey the season with a degree of understanding which will justify generalizations. The first of these is that the much abused two-volume biography is holding its own, at least with the publishers. Poe gets two long biographies almost simultaneously, Hervey Allen and Mary E. Phillips entering into competition for the honor of having written the most exhaustive life of that unhappy man. John Wanamaker, as will be seen in the literary supplement to the present issue of *The Nation*, gets another without exactly deserving it; it remains to be seen whether Joseph Conrad is worth the two volumes promised by G. Jean Aubry. There can scarcely be a doubt that Asquith and Ex-Secretary Houston in their memoirs, and H. A. L. Fisher and Francis Hirst in their lives of Lord Bryce and Lord Morley, and Sidney Lee in his continuation of the "Edward VII" will make contributions to the history of politics and political theory. Cobden-Sanderson and Rider Haggard, lately dead, have left copious autobiographies. Rupert Hughes's recent volume on George Washington was only the first, presumably, of several which he will publish; and there is still to come an extensive work on Washington —a "pictorial biography"—from Joseph Dillaway Sawyer. Then Walter Edwin Peck will devote two volumes to Shelley, and Percy MacKaye two more to the life of his father in the American theater. The two-volume form, it would seem, is still anything but vanquished.

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In the department of literary criticism two developments are particularly noticeable. The American critical renaissance bears fruit this season in three anthologies of contemporary reviews and articles prepared by William A. Drake, Lewis Worthington Smith, and James Cloyd Bowman. The range of theme and skill exhibited by the three volumes will surprise any reader who has not been aware of the strides made within the past five or six years by the Tenth Muse in the United States. In the second place there is a notable increase in the number of volumes devoted to figures in French literature. W. F. Giese's "Hugo," Cleveland B. Chase's "The Young Voltaire," E. B. D'Auvergne's "Pierre Loti," René Benjamin's "Balzac," John Garber Palache's "Gautier and the French Romantics," and Ernest Boyd's and Robert Sherard's studies of de Maupassant—no such attention is being paid just now to any other foreign literature; and while this list may be more or less an accident of the current season, it seems that the younger American writers are set upon making themselves acquainted with both past and contemporary France. The newest idol of all, Paul Valéry, succeeding, as it seems, Anatole France and Remy de Gourmont, is represented by "Variety," a collection of his essays. Anatole France himself, though he is honored with one more volume of reminiscences in the worshipful vein—Kemeri's "Rambles with Anatole France"—hears this year the first echo in America, in a book by Barry Cerf, of the detraction which has been his fate in France almost from the day of his death.

In fiction and poetry we find, as always, old names riding the top of the wave and new ones rising into recognition. This season brings novels or stories from Anderson, Bennett, Cabell, Willa Cather, Zona Gale, Dreiser, Hamlin Garland, Ellen Glasgow, Hergesheimer, Kipling, Maugham, May Sinclair, Van Vechten, Walpole, Wells, and Elinor Wylie. And that might seem to be the whole story—except for the certainty that among the novels by less known persons there are a few which will one day be considered as having made the literary history of 1926. Some of these, it is likely, have received little notice or none; and guessing who of all the newcomers will survive longest is extremely hazardous business. Will it not be, however, one of the following: H. E. Bates, E. R. Eddison, "H. D." (as a novelist), Ernest Hemingway, Frances Newman, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, E. H. Young? As to poetry, the crop is the poorest in years—collections and selections predominating in the list and thus attesting better than anything else could do the lack of current enterprise.

New publishing houses continue to spring up over night. Most interesting this fall are the John Day Company and the Vanguard Press. The first, in accordance with what has come to be the conventional practice, drew much of the talent for its staff from older houses; and its program, so far admirably carried out, is to issue only a few books each season, to see that as many of these as may be are good, to print them well, and to keep their dust-jackets innocent of meaningless superlatives. The Vanguard Press will sell all of its books at cost; and its aim will be to furnish cheaply the means of a radical education. Its reprints from Karl Marx, Ruskin, Tolstoi, Lenin, Kropotkin, Wells, Henry George, Thorstein Veblen, William Morris, Upton Sinclair, Edward Bellamy, Benjamin R. Tucker, Darwin, Haeckel, Buckle, and Lecky promise much in this direction; of the volumes which contain new material time and criticism will have more to say.

Ghosts at the Horse Show

THERE were ghosts at the forty-first annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America, Limited, held in New York the week of Thanksgiving. There was the ghost of Eohippus, rabbit-sized, five-toed, monkey-toothed, tapir-nosed, scurrying about under the flat-backed draft horses. There were the ghosts of Orohippus and Mesohippus and Parahippus and Merichyppus, tossing their fossil heads and prancing on feet which in one stage after another came nearer to the hard, single hoofs of Equus caballus. There were the ghosts of the descendant horses which men learned first to eat, then to draw on the walls of smoky caves, then to ride, then to hitch to carts and plows and chariots and wagons and carriages, and finally, as at the Horse Show, to make the playthings of prosperous leisure. There were the ghosts of chargers screaming on battle-fields, of ponies deep underground in laborious mines, of stallions matched in bloody conflicts for the sport of Vikings, of wild horses sweeping over wilder plains in swift freedom, of mangy, beaten plugs, and of philosophical Houyhnhnms. The two thousand actual horses which trod the neat floor of the arena were but a handful to the ghostly tribes which drifted through and over it.

Not even the elaborate specialization which alway marks the Horse Show could drive the ghosts out of min Officers' chargers, horses suitable to become hunters, hackneys in harness, novice saddle horses, artillery teams, four-in-hands, ladies' qualified hunters, novice five-gaited saddle horses, thoroughbred hunters, geldings under saddle, tandems, hunt teams, pairs of roadsters, pairs of wagon horses, polo mounts, children's ponies, green hunters other than thoroughbreds—what were all these but the heirs of Eohippus? And what was the intense, patient curiosity of the spectators but a survival of the centuries of interest in man's most diversified servant and pet?

Perhaps acquired characteristics are not inheritable, and perhaps a fondness for horses has not really been handed down from father to son in the human cells themselves. And yet the feeling for horses has so long been so profoundly a part of human culture that a generation of automobiles has only begun to root that feeling out. Even when the last man who ever rode or drove a horse is dead there will still be literature and oral memories. In the meantime, plenty of horses still live to preserve the ancient tradition. They keep to the side of the road while motors rush by them. They have given over to steam and gas the work of drawing the heaviest loads. But on soft ground they have no serious rivals; on the hunting field and the race course they have no rivals to speak of; and in a large department of human affection and concern they have no rivals at all. They are the most splendid playthings ever used by men. If horses should become entirely useless, there would still be men who could not be quite themselves away from stables and paddocks. "The first money I laid out," said Lemuel Gulliver on his return from his travels, "was to buy two young stone-horses, which I keep in a good stable, and next to them the groom is my greatest favourite."

Those ghosts at the Horse Show were not merely shadows out of history. They were strands woven into the complex constitution of mankind itself.

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These Modern Women

Why I Earn My Own Living

ANONYMOUS

[*This is the second of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of women active in professional and public life. Our object is to discover the origin of their modern point of view toward men, marriage, children, and jobs. The next article is by a lawyer who was brought up in the South.*]

FOR thirty years I walked primly, directing my course by the social guide-posts set up in a New England town for the direction of well-born, well-bred little ladies. Then I broke loose. My former friends consider me a sort of wild woman because I earn my own living, do not take my husband's name, and have been known to live in strange, dirty neighborhoods where the rents are lower. To myself I seem much the same person who used to leave properly engraved visiting-cards on proper occasions at proper houses.

I earn my living as a matter of course now, but the habit started from a childish sense of guilt at making my parents so much trouble. My mother took life rather hard. She was extremely sensitive to responsibility; she hated routine duties, but her conscience forced her to perform them scrupulously. Again and again she gave up the nerve-racking struggle and took to her bed, discovering nervous prostration long before it was recognized by the medical profession and taken up generally by distressed gentlewomen. Both she and I thought that taking care of me was what made her sick.

Like all children I was a complete egoist. My world revolved around myself and when it was a clouded world I assumed that I was to blame. There was always in the foreground some naughtiness like screaming against bedtime, demanding a toilet where there was none, refusing to wear a certain dress, or being impertinent. I could not comprehend that my parents' gloom came as much from being married to each other as from being my father and mother. Early in life I figured out that the least I could do for two people who had done so much for me was as soon as possible to earn my own living. I hoped thus to lessen my sense of guilt in living at all. Some of my playmates, now middle-aged, have tried to assuage a similar feeling in a different way; they have continued in their childhood homes instead of forming independent ties and their parents have become their children.

Later on, I carried over into my marriage the old, illusive sense of guilt and a passionate desire to be no trouble to my husband. I had the naive belief that men loved best women who were no bother to them. I had the curious idea that my husband would admire my power to earn money and be proud of my standing in my profession.

The working-for-wages habit was well established before I turned critical eyes on the courtship, engagement, and marriage customs of my town. In the large city where I had received a school appointment after graduating from college, I "poured" at "receptions," played atrocious bridge, went to dances, taught in Sunday school, and expected to marry a pleasant house with steam heat, electricity, and a husband. Until I was more than thirty years old I refrained from thoughts about sex because "there is time enough for that after you are married."

Through the printed word I escaped the dreary commonplace. The verses of Hovey, Carman, and Le Gallienne were my creed. I soaked up the saccharine art of the Pre-Raphaelites in English galleries and mooned about the English Lake district, tested life by the philosophy of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli, adored Maude Adams and Sothern (before he took to Shakespeare), and wrote diluted love lyrics.

The girls of my little group of young folks were all weltering in sentimentality, but they were mostly able to distinguish between reality and fantasy. The other girls didn't try to make an apple-pie by the rule for a sonnet. They wrapped their affections about young men who had what was called "character" in distinction to "personality." After marriage they discarded romantic fancies and stagnated in mild discontent. But I had only one foot firmly planted on solid respectability; the other was sliding round on romance. You recognize this situation as what we now name "a conflict of desires."

The romantic side of my nature led me to pick out a charming man in the city where I was teaching. Or did he pick me out? I do not know; it was love at first sight; and, looking back, I would not have missed it for the world. The practical side of my nature compelled me to take him home to my parents to be approved. They refused their approbation. The man had been divorced, he was a Socialist, and had been brought up as a Catholic. My home circle was monogamous, Republican, and Protestant. One marriage, one political party, one church were the portion of one individual in those days.

My parents declined to accept my man as a son-in-law. I would not marry him without their consent because "a bad daughter makes a bad wife"; yet I wouldn't give him up because life without him was too utterly dreary. The outcome was that he went back to the city to make a fortune as a substitute for "character," while I returned to teach school in my home town. In those days an engaged girl stayed with her parents during her engagement because she was so soon to leave them. I spent my leisure filling my Hope Chest. All my lingerie was made by hand. It took longer than we expected for my fiancé to make a fortune and I watched myself grow older.

My man actually did make a fortune. But he married a woman who, I afterward learned, had been working and living with him during his long, hard pull. Everyone was satisfied but me. I was mad clear through. I had been a good daughter and had lost my lover thereby. I had no desire to be anything but good, but I did not want to be punished for it. Reviewing the affair, I could not see that anyone was to blame. The code had let me down.

Then and there I renounced allegiance to ready-made codes. I again left my home town and went away to work

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out my salvation or destruction. I had to be free to study what had happened to me and to figure out a working plan for my life. Being self-supporting I was able to move about. Even now I do not like to recall the suffering of that period. For several years the world was a gray fog spinning about me. Every guide-post by which I had directed my course had been swept away. I had lost, not a lover but a universe.

Intense curiosity awoke in me. Always I had repressed questionings because they led to criticism of the fundamentals of society. The brain cannot function if it is not allowed to question, and my intelligence was as weak as that of a new-born babe. I got a job reading in libraries, gathering material for a writer. Seven hours a day I put in on the assigned subjects and the rest of the time I read about anarchy, sex, votes-for-women, education, divorce, and similar topics. I read till my eyes puffed out and my head was splitting. I went to university lectures and also met soap-box orators. I gobbled ideas.

Books were not enough. I went in for people, plunged headforemost into crowds. I lived in a tenement, worked in factories, and went to meetings and meetings and meetings. The sweat, the vulgarity, the commonness of humans in the bulk were both a horror and a pleasure to me. I experimented conscientiously with being "wicked," and was keenly disappointed to find so little excitement in sinning and so little sense of guilt.

The driving emotion of that period of my life was curiosity. I was insatiable concerning every subject with which I came in contact. I even got jobs to investigate wages, prostitution, fire-escapes. Because I had known so little I wanted to know everything. I prowled the world like a cat on the housetop. Along with curiosity went pity. My own suffering had opened my eyes to the suffering all about me. Working conditions, living arrangements, the general social code seemed to me extraordinarily stupid. I discovered that I was not the only woman uncomfortable in the world. The office charwoman's cracked hands were dyed brown from washing filthy floors; growing girls lugged heavy babies about the playgrounds; prostitutes complained because they had to hand over their earnings to pimps; virtuous women shriveled at their desks; men got the good jobs.

I flung my puny strength into the fight for social legislation. Occasionally the group with which I worked got some well-intentioned law passed, but immediately a new condition arose which was different but quite as intolerable. My reaction to the suffering which I could not assuage was similar to my attitude toward my broken heart; since I could do nothing about it, I would pass on.

I reacted violently at that time against all established institutions, like marriage, spanking, meat diet, prisons, war, public schools, and our form of government. The mere fact that a condition existed was evidence to me that it was wrong. Yet as I watched the lives of those radicals who dared live their rebellion, the rebels appeared to get no more satisfaction than did the conformists and smugness seemed equally common among both extremes. I did some experimenting myself, and never have I found any completely satisfactory arrangement of financial, social, or personal relationships. The wise course now seems to me to decide what one wants, whether one can get it, whether or not it is worth the price that must be paid, and then to go after it. "Will it work?" is my moral code.

Although I supported myself in the beginning because I thought it was my duty it has become a matter of course. I have no principles on the subject but I prefer money-earning to being dependent on a father, a lover, or a husband. Dependent women seem hampered even more than wage-earning ones. Likewise I hold no brief for or against marriage, having tried celibacy, free union, and marriag

I do not know what woman's job in life is, any more than I know what man's job is. And I feel it is rather silly to drag sex into the matter. My journalistic career, the fact that I have turned to account in printed word and cold cash the curiosity that drove me in my groping middle years, is the source of a certain pride and self-confidence which is the springboard for my future. Now, at forty-odd, I stand where the young man of thirty stands, with enough solid achievement behind me to nourish an ambition to do still bigger things. I see quite plainly that it is the fact of my being a woman which has delayed me fifteen years in reaching this point. It is nobody's fault; I was born in circumstances which our generation has helped to destroy. The younger women seem able to get away to a start without so much muddling.

The Hall-Mills Case in the Newspapers

By SILAS BENT

NOT since Harry Thaw killed Stanford White has the American press found crime news so much to its taste as the Hall-Mills mystery. Tons of white paper have been covered with trivial details about clothes, with personalities and highly colored descriptions of individual deportment in the courtroom. Somerville, N. J., is by journalistic consent the news center of the world. The New York *Times* has already devoted to the trial (which is by no means completed as this is written) more words than Theodore Dreiser needed for the development of his monumental novel, "An American Tragedy." The others have not been idle. Enough words have been sent out of the Jersey village to fill nine volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica."

A giant telegraph switchboard, incorporating 120 "positions," has been rigged up in the basement of the courthouse. The daily capacity by Morse code is half a million words, and the telephone company has imported eight additional operators to help move the spoken load. A noteworthy aspect of this trial is the variety of "trained seals" who are helping to report it. The daughter and widower of Eleanor Mills, one of the murder victims, are signing stories for a syndicate, but do not write them. Mrs. Henry Stevens, wife of one of the defendants, is writing for Cyrus H. K. Curtis's papers, which have also assigned to the case Dorothy Dix, their staff counselor and consoler of the lovelorn. The reverend fundamentalists, Billy Sunday and John Roach

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Straton, are moralizing for the public benefit on the sudden death of their fellow-clergyman, Edward W. Hall. For a time former Police Commissioner Enright contributed stodgily to the Hearst string; but the brunt of this work is now being done by Rita Weiman, a playwright; Louella Parsons, a movie reviewer, and Damon Runyon, a sports writer. (Reporters are in the minority, apparently.) The Hearst papers are also represented by specialists on "heart interest," legal aspects, features, defense, prosecution, and so on. The number of employees, counting photographers and messengers, is seventeen. The *News*, which serves also its elder brother, the Chicago *Tribune*, has a staff of nineteen on the job, and is signing half a dozen names. The reams printed in the *Times* are ground out by anonymous drudges.

The Hall-Mills case affords an excellent opportunity to observe the methods and practices of metropolitan newspapers. I have measured the space given to news and pictures of the trial in three representative journals: the *Times*, which advertises that its circulation is "among intelligent, thinking, substantial persons, a quality of readers not equaled by any other newspaper"; William Randolph Hearst's *American;* and New York's most widely read tabloid, the *Daily News*. These three have a combined average morning circulation of more than a million and three-quarters, and they are not overlapping circulations. A tabulation of the three for twenty days (including three Sabbaths, Armistice Day, and one suspension on account of a witness's illness, when no court sessions were held) shows the following results in column inches for news and illustrations, and in total number of words:

	News	Pictures	Words
Times	4,893	290.5	338,000
American	4,656.5	1,903	232,800
News	2,991.5	2,138.5	149,000

The *American* ran second to its picture paper competitor in the space accorded to photographs, drawings, and maps, and second to the *Times* in the number of column inches devoted to news. The *Times* used fine type plentifully, and squeezed in more words to the column inch than any of its competitors. The *News* was chosen for this examination instead of the competing tabloid picture paper, Hearst's *Daily Mirror*, because the *Mirror*, having turned up the case, and having gathered practically all the evidence on which the prosecution relied, had the inside track. The *News* plunged knee-deep into the story with unblushing gusto; both the *Times* and the *American* honored it with editorial clarification—or justification. "It is to the public interest," said the *Times*, in a dignified half-column editorial, "and not merely because it is a 'celebrated case,' that there should be a full report in the newspapers of the trial of Mrs. Hall and her brothers. . . . His [Special Prosecutor Simpson's] inquiry was conducted with all the help he could get from the press, because it was Mr. Simpson's theory that publicity might encourage witnesses to come forward." And so on. (The *Mirror* had found the witnesses.) The *American* came out flatly: "If ever publicity was warranted, it is here. Human interest is instinctively keen over money, sex, and religion." Arthur Brisbane, in his signed first-page editorial column, saw no need of defending the journalistic ethics involved. "This horrible case," said he, "will again remind men that whoever stirs up jealousy stirs up danger."

The *Times* ran no first-page head more than three columns wide, but used eight-column streamers inside. The tabloid ran a streamer across the top of its first page every day, whether or not there was any news; so did the *American*, except that the streamer was sometimes only six columns wide.

After the Armistice Day interlude the *Times* led Page One with a sympathetic forecast of the defense, although there were still seven days to come of testimony for the prosecution. The first object of attack, the *Times* story said, would be a calling-card found at the clergyman's feet, bearing a finger-print identified by State witnesses as Willie Stevens's. The *Times* spoke of the finger-print as a "black smudge, a vague and partly obliterated mark." The *News* devoted less than one hundred words to the testimony of Philip A. Payne, managing editor of the *Mirror*, who took the stand for the prosecution and who was responsible for damaging its rival's circulation and prestige.

It is impossible to accord the palm for thrilling narrative to any one of the three papers I have been studying. Take your choice, for example, of these selections from the news of a single day, the day an effigy of Mrs. Mills's head was exhibited:

From the *Daily News:*

> Mrs. Hall went to a matinee yesterday.
>
> The rich widow who is battling for her life . . . . attended a hideous exhibition staged for her benefit. . . .
>
> But she could not look at it.
>
> Her brothers looked. The show fascinated them.

From the *American:*

> Ah, yes, this Mrs. Frances Noel Stevens Hall is human, after all. . . .
>
> Human—and a woman!
>
> She showed it yesterday afternoon.
>
> The proud, stoical front she has been presenting to the world as she sits in the little chapel-like courtroom in Somerville . . . was shaken by a distinct shudder.

From the *Times:*

> Shudders passed along the rows of spectators as the doctor marked in red crayon the entry point of the bullets, or in a sweeping motion of the crayon showed how the choir singer's throat had been cut. . . . Mrs. Frances Stevens Hall had shot a second's glance at the exhibit and had averted her eyes. When it was placed on the witness stand railing, directly in her line of vision, she reached quickly into her pocketbook and began to examine the documents. She dropped coins, one by one, into the black leather purse; she looked fixedly at the back of the room, then her eyes traveled to one of the small galleries. She seemed to be counting the spectators.

The tabloids are reviving an obsolescent form of journalistic activity. In the days of the Guldensuppe case, for instance, the *Times* and *World* and *Sun* did their own investigating, and murder mysteries were solved. How much real newspaper work was done on the Elwell murder mystery? It remained unsolved. The standard-sized newspapers appear now to be too lazy or too respectable for that sort of thing. They wait for a "privilege of publication." They wait for dunderheaded policemen to do the work, and apparently the work doesn't get done. Perhaps the despised and irrepressible tabloid has more to its credit than we suspected. Whether right or wrong in its facts, the *Mirror* followed a long journalistic tradition. If the accused were innocent, they should have been cleared four years ago; that the case came so late to trial is due not only to the defects of "Jersey justice" but to the change in the press.

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—by Harry S. Bressler

Jefferson's Disciples—1926 Model

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DENVER WELCOMES QUEEN MARIE

The Paid Circulation of THE DENVER POST Yesterday Was 154,617
2c by Newsboys—5c on Trains
Sunday paid circulation of THE Denver Post 173,458 greater than total paid circulation of all Denver—other Sunday papers printed in Denver and Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico combined.
THE DENVER POST
Daily The Denver Post Paid Circulation for October 252,617
Denver's Population, 1926, Over 325,000
CITY EDITION
32 PAGES

ROYAL GUESTS GIVEN GREAT OVATION BY CITY THRONGS

Auditorium Is Filled At Reception for Sovereign

VISITORS DELIGHTED

(By LAWRENCE MARTIN.)

IN ONE queen to another, Denver greeted Marie of Rumania, Wednesday.

There was neither condescension nor awe in the Queen city's welcome to Queen Marie. It was just the same hearty western, American welcome Denver has always given the guests it delights to honor, but this time it was tempered by a due regard for the regal position of the visitor.

Colorado sunshine awoke the queen. The train of twelve cars in which she, her daughter, Princess Ileana; her son, Prince Nicolas, and the others of their numerous retinue are traveling was hauled into Union station at 8 o'clock Wednesday morning from Semper, Colo., where it had stood on a siding since 3 o'clock after the run from Casper, Wyo.

The Colorado sun was the only welcome the royal party got until 10 o'clock. At that hour Marie, Governor L. Ross of Wyoming, her guest, and the rest of the party were met by the citizens' committee, headed by L. Ward Bannister.

From the steps of her car to the street, her highness' path was lined and double lined by soldiers and police. As she officially set foot on Denver soil, a gun of Battery B, 15th field artillery, banged out a royal salute. Twenty-one times the gun shouted welcome, while the famous band of the Fourth cavalry, from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, played manfully but was unheard for the most part in the general din and clamor of the greeting to the first queen Denver ever entertained.

The station plaza was filled with *humanity, eager to look at the picturesque woman whose activities as politician, writer, war nurse and woman of the world have made her everywhere a talked-of person.*

The procession of the notables came into view, and this was the order of it.

First a person whose importance is undoubted, but who personally doesn't count—an official opener of doors, scatterer of crowds and general preparer of the way for the royal progress.

Then the queen, tall, somewhat more slender than her pictures make her out to be. She is dressed in something the color of sand, with a close-fitting small hat to match and fore about her shoulders. She catches the first burst of applause afar off, and waves her hand in answer to it. With her is Mr. Bannister.

Then Governor Ross, the queen's guest since Tuesday. They met at Casper, and their liking was immediate and reciprocal. Mrs. Ross is wearing black with a pink rose at her shoulder.

PRINCESS AS PRETTY AS FAIRY BOOK LADY.

Following her, the princess—an honor-est to goodness, real, live princess. This princess carries out the traditions of what a princess should be. She is as pretty as a fairy book lady with an odd prettiness quite her own. Shy, too, but not too shy to enjoy herself. An intelligent princess and a smiling one. She wears a squirrel coat, and, like her mother, a small close hat.

Then Prince Nicolas. He's a rangy lad with no extess flesh; tall, lean, somewhat pale, with a face that in

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MARIE CLIMBS INTO LOCOMOTIVE'S CAB

Inspects Mysteries Of Engine During Stop in Canon

VIEWS HOT SPRINGS

HERMOPOLIS, Wyo., Nov. 10.—(By Associated Press.)—For the first time on their transcontinental trip Queen Marie, Princess Ileana and the prince inspected the cab of a locomotive. During the stop in the Wind River canon the queen and her party were shown the cab of the Burlington locomotive 2911 pulling their train.

When J. C. Grisinger, divisional superintendents, informed the queen that the locomotive was an oil burner, she responded by telling him that the locomotives in her country are oil burners.

The prince evidenced a deep interest in the workings of the locomotive and asked many questions.

The train, scheduled for a 10-minute stop, remained in the Wind River canyon, near the Big Horn hot springs at Thermopolis, for almost forty minutes, motion picture and press cameramen taking many pictures of the royal party in the canon where was once a hiding place of outlaws. The stop was made a short distance from an old horse thief camp. As the train passed the Thermopolis it slowed down to allow the queen to view the Big Horn hot springs, the world's largest medicinal springs.

A black spaniel, evidently the pet of the royal party, reacted the adjacent of a small pup belonging to a section hand and the queen reproved the royal pet with the remark, "Don't be regal." The spaniel behaved.

Members of the party, using small moving picture cameras, took many feet of film in the canon during the stop.

The princess was seemingly an ardent movie photographer. The motto city was overheard to express a desire that a longer stay could be had in the beauties of the Wind River canon.

The queen met the enginemen driving the locomotive with her characteristic democracy. The crowd, composed of a large number of Thermopolis people, had been kept off the platform by deputy sheriffs, but at the request of the queen, they were allowed to mingle with the party. She was very gracious to the cameramen.

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THE WEATHER

"'Tis a Privilege to Live in Colorado."

For Denver and Vicinity (radius 20 miles)—Fair Wednesday night and Thursday; warmer Thursday.

Shippers: Forecast (ending 7:30 p.m. Thursday) for Colorado points: Temperatures (ending 7:30 p.m. Wednesday) for Denver: Maximum, 50 degrees; minimum, 20 degrees; mountain passes, 10 degrees.

For Colorado—Fair Wednesday and Thursday; warmer in southeast and extreme east portions Wednesday night; not so cold in east portion Thursday.

For Wyoming—Fair Wednesday night and Thursday; probably snow in northwest portion Thursday; warmer in east and south portions Wednesday night; brisk to strong northerly winds Thursday.

For New Mexico—Fair Wednesday night and Thursday; rising temperature in extreme east portion.

For Arizona—Fair Wednesday night and Thursday; somewhat warmer in north portion Thursday.

For Utah—Unsettled Wednesday night and Thursday; probably snow in northwest portion Thursday. Warmer in west portion Wednesday night.

For Montana—Unsettled Wednesday night and Thursday; probably rain or snow in west portion; warmer in east portion Wednesday night; cooler in west and central portions Thursday.

For Nevada—Mostly fair Wednesday night and Thursday; slight temperatures.

For Kansas—Fair Wednesday night and Thursday; rising temperatures.

THE POST Telephone Main Six Thousand

TODAY

(By Arthur Brisbane.)

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Kind, But Practical.
Says Frank Bcrham, "Yes."
For a Little While.

Los Angeles, Calif., Nov. 9.—Eastern religions have a horror for destroying animal life. The ignorant mothers on the banks of the Nile will allow flies to eat around the eyes of her baby because it is a sin to kill these flies.

The Japanese are eastern, but also practical, and hate hydrophobia. So, here and there, they celebrate "dog hunting week." In Hyogo district recently, 3,800 wild, homeless dogs were rounded up and killed.

Then a special religious service in their honor was held in the main Yasuna temple, thirty Buddhist priests officiating. Gautama, the original Buddhist, you remember, allowed a starving tigress with no milk for her cubs to eat his body. The cubs had milk. Gautama was miraculously restored to life, and all lived happily.

In Chicago, when a funeral passes they say, "There goes a Daily News reader," and when a birth is recorded they say, "Here comes another Chicago American reader. That explains why Hearst's Chicago American's circulation at 3 cents a copy ex-

(Turn to Page 2—Col. 3.)

ALL DENVER WILL CELEBRATE EIGHTH ARMISTICE ANNIVERSARY

Monster Parade to Feature Day—City to Observe General Holiday and Period of Silence To Honor War Dead.

Denver will celebrate, Thursday, the eighth anniversary of the armistice which ended the World war.

The boys who came back will parade in celebration of the truce which stilled the guns and stopped the slaughter. The whole city will pay tribute to the heroes who were left "over there"—victims of the blood-lust of the gods of war.

The most colorful parade ever staged in Denver is to be the main feature of the city's Armistice day celebration. It starts from Sixteenth street and Broadway at 10:30 o'clock. At 11 o'clock, when every division is in line and the column is extended to its greatest length, all Denver will stop and stand silent in respect to the nation's hero dead.

Marching feet will be halted. The rumble of gun carriages and caissons will be stilled. Thousands and thousands of spectators standing on the sidewalks, viewing the parade, will uncover, bow their heads and stand reverently. *Every activity in the city* will cease.

And with the whole city and state and nation silent in contemplation of the heroism which laid thousands of lives on the altar of liberty, the notes of taps—the soldier's requiem—will echo thru the canons of the downtown streets. One bugler in each of the five parade divisions will sound taps.

At the end of the two minutes' of silence, the parade will swing into action again, the bands will strike up, and the celebration will get into full swing.

Thursday will be a holiday. Schools, banks, public offices, chain stores, real estate offices and many mercantile establishments will be closed all

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TO MARIE, RUMANIA'S GLORIOUS QUEEN:

UPON entering our country, with outstretched arms and eager eyes, you asked for our love, for our affection and friendship.

In the short time you have been among us you have won all of this and more.

Men make kings and queens and rulers, but only God Himself makes real men and women, and God must have smiled at His handiwork when He created you.

No man or woman, no king or queen, or potentate, has created such an enthusiastic and spontaneous wave of love and respect in the United States as you have.

You are the American ideal of what a queen should be—beautiful, gracious, responsive, intelligent and loving—and so Colorado and the great Rocky Mountain regions welcome you today to their territory with love and admiration for your many charms, for your beautiful character, and for the very delightful and loving and unusual femininity that you bring to us.

Our welcome is equally extended to the charming Princess Ileana, your daughter, and to the fine, manly Prince Nicolas, your son.

And may God return you and them to your country in safety and in good health, and may the bond of mutual love, friendship and admiration linger with you and us until the end.

May your visit to us be one of unforgetable joy and pleasant memories during all the coming years. And may peace and happiness and prosperity remain with you and your country; and may the friendship that exists between your people and ours be one of lasting satisfaction and advantage to both our great nations.

QUEEN MARIE TALKS TO CROWD OF 14,000 AT CITY AUDITORIUM

Even Sun Welcomes Me in Denver, She Says—Thanks Citizens for Turning Out to Meet Her

QUEEN MARIE was given an ovation when she was introduced at the auditorium.

Responding to the welcome given her, she said:

"Everywhere love has been given me without measure. The sun shines upon your city as the even the skies wanted to make me welcome to your city. When I go home I shall think it all over and then I shall know what pleasure I have collected.

"We do not come these days as kings and queens to receive gold and frankincense. We come with another message—a message of friendship. We believe that as the world gets old we pay more heed to those things which make life sweet for humanity. The message I bring with me is one of peace and love.

"Let this message be given too in the name of the king who is with me in spirit. Let me greet you all and thank you for this beautiful reception given me in Denver; thank you all for coming here today; thank you for the loving way in which you have received me; thank you for the loving expression I read upon every face."

Chairman L. Ward Bannister, at the conclusion of Queen Marie's remarks, *said there are not many Rumanians in* Denver, but those who live here were at the meeting both because the city wished it and because her majesty especially requested that they be invited. He called to the five or six former subjects of the queen who were seated on the platform and asked that they advance and be presented to her majesty.

The queen received them graciously and conversed with them for several minutes. The 14,000 persons who packed the auditorium applauded. Then, all the Rumanians in the audience were asked to stand and were presented to the queen by Chairman Bannister.

"Her majesty has held court many times in Rumania and undoubtedly among the Carpathian mountains," Chairman Bannister said, "but this is the first time she ever held court in the Rockies.

"We have already offered the president of the United States a summer home in Colorado.

"WE NOW OFFER TO HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF RUMANIA, A SUMMER HOME IN COLORADO."

Exactly at 11 o'clock the ceremonies in the auditorium were concluded. The audience remained seated while the queen and the royal party entered their cars and sped away to luncheon at the Charles Boettcher home atop Lookout mountain.

CORONER'S JURY BRANDS ROSSI WIFE MURDERER

Shot Her Five Times as She Begged for Mercy, Attorney Says.

A coroner's jury, Tuesday afternoon accused Mike Rossi of wife murder.

M. E. Waldron, in the Foster building, after they had quarreled over her refusal to divorce him and deed to him the Moonlight ranch—motorists report on the Morrison paved road. Five of the shots were fired into her body, as she lay on the floor. Several pierced her heart.

Deputy Coroner George Bostwick conducted the inquest.

The witnesses were questioned by Assistant District Attorney A. L.

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COOK REFUSES TO TELL WHAT QUEEN ATE FOR BREAKFAST

Newspaper correspondents commented so frequently and humorously on Queen Marie's predilection for the good old-fashioned American griddle cake aboard ship on her way to America that she now objects to publication of the menus of her meals.

Consequently, it is not known just what she had for breakfast at 9:15 o'clock Wednesday morning aboard her car of the Royal Rumanian, her special train.

J. B. Montague, her chef, famous cook for many famous persons, was free in stating, however, that her majesty invariably possesses an excellent appetite and is "very fond of American dishes."

DENVER PLANE SETS NEW ALTITUDE MARK

An Eaglerock airship made at Englewood Monday brought honor to Colorado by breaking the altitude record for light commercial planes at an airmeet at Santa Monica, Calif., under the auspices of the National Aeronautical association.

The Eaglerock attained an altitude of more than 15,000 feet, according to *the official sealed* barograph. The exact figure will not be announced until it has been accepted at Washington, D. C., by the headquarters of the Aeronautical association. It was, however, in excess of 1,000 feet above the previous altitude record.

FIFTEEN CHILDREN DIE AS TORNADO LEVELS SCHOOL

Twister Cuts 500-Yard-Wide Path Thru Small Town in Maryland.

La Plata, Md., Nov. 10.—(By Associated Press.)—This little town of 500 souls stooped in sorrow Wednesday to take up again the usually placid threads of its existence, which were sheared suddenly Tuesday afternoon by the wrath of a tornado that wreaked havoc and destruction along a path at times 500 yards wide thru a portion of southern Maryland, killing fifteen and injuring two score, mostly school children, here, and severely injuring four more at Cedarville, fourteen miles northeast of here.

Sweeping up from out of the Potomac, the disturbance swooped and twisted intermittently but concentrated its fury upon the school house here, where sixty-one pupils, teachers and attendants were gathered. Eleven of the children were killed and most of the others injured when the building was destroyed.

At least a dozen other farm houses and barns in the path were leveled to the earth and the damage was estimated at thousands of dollars. The loss of life was small in comparison *to the strength and power of the disturbance because it passed thru* sparsely settled region. The school house was the only place in the region where any appreciable number of persons were gathered.

Out of the chaos and welter in the wake of whimsical, wrathful winds, there came Wednesday stories of heroism, stoicism and a queer intermingling of humor in the tale of the tragedy.

John Marshall Burr, a hysterical 11-year-old figure, with blood streaming from his wounds, ran from the school house, resounding with the screams of wounded and imprisoned, to the home of the Rev. W. B. Heigham, Episcopal rector.

"Ileana telephone everybody," he

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MARIE WRITES FOR THE POST

THE Denver Post is the only newspaper in the Rocky Mountain west which is printing Queen Marie's own writings on her American tour, and it will be the only newspaper which will print her personally written impressions of her Denver visit and of those she meets in Denver.

That is because The Denver Post is the only newspaper of importance in all this vast region—first in everything, handling big subjects in the big way they should be handled.

As the queen writes her vivid and brilliant articles, The Post receives them thru the North America Newspaper Alliance. They are the only published statements that come directly from her; she is not permitted by royal custom to give interviews and consequently her Post-Alliance articles are of incalculable value.

The Denver Post alone in this vast region has published them since her tour began; The Denver Post is the only newspaper in which you may read her impressions of her Denver visit.

Jeffersonism in Denver: Democracy Receives a Queen

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Toward the Arctic Ocean

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

[*This is the last of a series of three articles describing the author's trip across Mongolia from the Chinese to the Trans-Siberian Railway.*]

THREE days were usually needed to obtain permission to leave Mongolia, but Nikiforoff, the Russian Consul, was eager to be rid of a troublesome visitor, and sent his secretary with me to make the rounds of the magnificent collection of secret-service, passport, and police departments with which the would-be modern Mongols toy. Cars started for Siberia, so read the announcement in the Russian newspaper of Urga, every Saturday at nine. At 9:30 a boy came to inquire whether I really wanted to leave that day. They would rather, he said, wait until Monday. I explained that I wanted to catch the weekly Trans-Siberian express on Wednesday. The boy took the message; an hour later he returned to say that the ice on the rivers was breaking, and it was doubtful whether we could make the Wednesday train anyway. I replied that I was more than ever convinced that we had better start at once and be sure of the next week's train. And finally, after long discussions, it was so agreed. The nine o'clock car called for me at half past two. The chauffeur, Mikhail Vassilievich, was an American-type lad, clever with his hands and quick at invention; the other passengers were his sister, returning to Moscow; Bajin, a merchant, and a peasant who lived eighty versts from Urga. None of them spoke any Western language but Russian.

Down the side-valleys into Urga thousands of ox-carts were pouring—long caravans of two or three hundred, each cart loaded with a huge section of tree-trunk, or with chunks of charcoal, the last two or three with hay to feed the oxen on the long trek from the forest to the city. The Holy Mountain across the river is tree-covered with the only trees for forty miles, but the wood of the sacred mountain may not be cut. Until dark we tugged up through one rolling bare valley after another, lifeless except for a single covey of ptarmigans. The brown sweep of the hills reminded one of those magnificent pictures of more Western hills in "Grass." We crossed three passes before dark, always to find new mountains opening before us. The road was a camel-track, sometimes barely wide enough for a car, sometimes broadening hundreds of yards wide across the meadows where camels and ox-carts had sought fresh routes in place of trodden mire. Sometimes it disappeared in hard hummocky meadows or hillsides of jagged rocks. The driver, who had never been over the route before, kept his eyes glued on the ruts of a previous car.

It was nine o'clock when we came to a river—and the tracks were lost. The ice was broken; melting snow had swollen the current. Passengers piled out; we hunted the valley up and down for a possible ford, or for tracks of the preceding car. But it had done as we—crawled to the edge of the river at a score of points, and then backed out. At one point the ice seemed safe; our peasant-passenger tried it—and broke through, above his waist in ice-water. It was midnight before we finally found automobile tracks that entered the river; we tested the depth with a stick, slipped gently into the stream, and roared safely up the opposite bank with a cheer. And it was after midnight when we routed out the Chinese keepers of a lonely mountain inn and had a belated supper.

We rose at four the next morning, and were off soon after five, with tea and bread inside us. About ten we came to the home of our peasant-passenger, a lone pioneer log cabin away up in one of the high Mongolian valleys. He had hauled his wood thirty miles, built his own house and barns, and was enormously proud of his work. Even his furniture was home-made, except for an American Singer sewing machine! He gave us fresh boiled eggs, and fresh milk, and soft home-made bread, baked from his own wheat flour. There are scores of such Russian frontiersmen pushing their way into Northern Mongolia, and a few Chinese farmers; but the Mongols, desperately afraid that their grazing-land will be lost, oust them on any excuse.

The mountains lay cold and bare to the south but warmly birch-wooded on the northern slopes. We ran smoothly from one valley to another, then down to the ford of the Khara-gol River. But the ice was out at the edges and the water flowing swiftly. A lone Mongol on horseback made his way through the water and across the ice, but there was no hope for a heavy car. We backed off and tried again, and again. But the spring warmth was against us, and the black water turned us away. Twenty miles downstream, the Mongol told us, was a wooden bridge—almost the only bridge in Mongolia.

We found the bridge but could not get to it. One route after another across the soggy meadows proved impossible. The road for a mile short of the bridge was a canal of deep, soft, moving mud. We tried it once, and worked for an hour to back the car out of the slippery ooze. Deep ditches three feet wide, with swirling water, ran on either side of it, and shallow mud-lakes lay beyond these. Finally Bajin and I, prospecting on foot, worked out a route which lay across meadows part of which were under water but at least seemed snow-covered or grassy, not mere mud. The car maneuvered into position, attacked the course, ran half way smoothly, then stopped, up to the hubs in ice-water. There was nothing to do but push—not a living soul within twenty miles; not a service-station within three hundred. Bajin and I rolled our trousers to the knees, which was sometimes not enough, took off shoes and stockings, and for the next two hours waded among ice-cakes, adding our feeble man-power to the sturdy engine of the car. By mid-afternoon we were within a few yards of the bridge—with the swirling ditch still in front of us. We spent the rest of the afternoon tearing up a corduroy road and building a bridge across the ditch. Almost at sunset we rolled blithely across the river, and sped, at a perilous angle, along the edge of the mountain, across the valley, the road being deep in water; then turned north again, over more Alpine passes. I have seldom seen a lovelier sunset than that night, the sky's fire reflected from a thousand pools in the river-bottom—but the chauffeur, who knew that the road lay through those flaming pools, was utterly unmoved when I pointed to the reflections.

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Four more rivers we crossed the next day. The ice was gone from the first, and the stream was too deep for a Dodge unaided. We unlashed the bags from the running-boards and piled them high inside the car, took out the carbureter, greased the rest of the engine, and hired two horses to haul us through. The second river we boldly forded. The third, after long hesitations and testings, we crossed on the ice—safely. The fourth, the Ura, was a longer story. The ice was out and the river ran free along both shores, but the center ice seemed solid. From the near shore the Mongols had built a log bridge out to the solid ice; on the north side the ice came so close to the sloping shore that it seemed safe. We reinforced the log bridge; the car gently slid across it, raced across the ice for the far shore, when—crack! the Dodge plunged through, whirred a moment, and lapsed into discouraging silence. And there it sat, in the river above the hubs, water flowing through the bottoms of both my bags. Fortunately, we were close to a Mongol village, and they had a boat. We were ferried to dry land; again we rolled up our trousers and waded in; we hitched a dozen ropes to the car, and Mongols, Russians, and American slowly hauled the car out of the river and up on the sand.

Toward evening I saw mountain-peaks to the north which looked blue instead of brown; and suddenly I became aware that their skylines were jagged, like the skylines of the wooded mountains at home. The ranges flattened out and the country softened. Aspens, birches, and pines mingled with one another—occasionally we actually ran through forest, as one never does in lowland China or in high Mongolia. We passed tiny villages of Russian pioneers—pushing into the wilderness, building their own houses, and contriving their own machinery, self-dependent and resourceful—the Americans of the next century. That third night we reached Troitskosavsk, the frontier town, and slept, with an army of cockroaches, in a Russian inn.

Customs officials cannot be hurried. It was easy enough to get out of Mongolia, but it took most of a day to get into Russia. Every parcel and paper was pried into. With some difficulty I conveyed the idea that I still hoped to catch the weekly train next afternoon, and at length we set out again. More rolling birch-and-pine country that evening, and more deep sand. It seemed strange but friendly to see occasional bits of plowed land and even fences. Toward midnight, just short of the great Selenga River, we roused a peasant village and found a family willing to take us in for the night and give us tea. The air struck one in the face as the door opened—it must have been carefully preserved all winter—and eleven people were more or less asleep on the floor, including a sick baby; but when I attempted casually to lean against the door and keep it open for a minute they came to me and pointed out that the *malinka* was ailing and must not suffer fresh air. I slept in the car, and got four and a half hour's better sleep than I had had since Urga. Mongol huts have one advantage over Russian—they leak air.

The great Selenga River lay ahead, a big navigable stream, to be crossed twice. But the Selenga ice was stronger than we knew. It had broken a bit at the edges, but log bridges had been laid, and we were past the first crossing before six. We passed Selenginsk—a little one-story town dominated by two huge green-roofed, blue-bulbed churches—and then wandered miles out of our course. But finally we came upon the new road which marks the route of the future Trans-Mongolian Railroad, and while it was soft and unfinished, most of the lesser bridges had been built and were usable. Wind drove the loose sand into our faces, but we were covering the miles. Our long detour and the bad roads, however, had cost us so much gas that the chauffeur was doubtful whether we could get through. At 1:30 we were only thirty versts from the goal, the meter showed one and a half gallons of gas, and we stopped to eat. Five miles short of the railroad the meter showed zero, but the car puffed on, and we caught the

A pro-Russian Mongolian poster showing England reaching over the Himalayas, knife and telegraph in hand to ensnare and threaten Tibet; the Chinese colonizer enters from the East; Mongolia tends her sheep; and Red Russia stands guard.

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weekly train with half an hour to spare! And that is the route over which some say Russia ships great quantities of munitions to her friends in China!

Six days crossing the snowy plains of Siberia—endless, half-cultivated, still in the log-cabin stage, but looking forward to a boundless future with a boundless self-confidence. Siberia is American in its spaciousness, its optimism, its faith in its future.

Four days in Moscow, where Henry Ford and Lenin are enshrined as twin gods, where a cult of American mechanism is arising, along with new skyscrapers, electric sky-signs, and even talk of a subway, and mingles its familiar jargon with the lingo of communist ideals.

Two more days, and I was back in Western Europe, where frontiers huddle on frontiers, where men bathe and talk familiar languages and wear familiar clothes—a land achingly nostalgic, living on memories of the good old days before the war, praying for *re*storation, *re*construction, *re*building, always looking backward. A continent where the great races of the nineteenth century do not know that their moment of history is done.

China still slumbers, perhaps—but she has never lost faith in herself, and today, with the weapons of the West in hand, retains her ancient pride in the power of her four hundred million citizens; Mongolia is an interlude, a dying race that once ravaged a continent awakening, as all Asia will awaken, and rubbing its eyes in a new dawn; Russia is a bridge between East and West, enormous, a young people four times as numerous as America was a half century ago and as sure of an infinitely expanding future—and the little crowded countries that have made history on that Western plain of Europe, blinking behind their customs frontiers and separate armies and diplomatic staffs and mutual hates and jealousies, seem pitiful, lost, unimportant in comparison with these mighty peoples.

China, Russia, America—these are nations of the future. They are none of them meek, but they will inherit the earth.

Gasless America

By STUART CHASE

OUR culture complex—as the anthropologists say—is changing, nay, has changed. While England and Germany still remain coal civilizations, the United States has become, with unheard-of rapidity, a gasoline civilization. The acid test of a culture complex is the nursery. In American nurseries the choo-choo gathers dust on the topmost shelf while the red racer holds the position of honor on the floor. Little Archie can tell you on the nail the make of every car that passes him. The grocer boy will call it a day any time to help you change a tire. Where is the urchin who has not mastered the calisthenics of the traffic cop?

Of a Sunday, in front of the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Pittsburgh one may behold an impressive ceremony. One by one, all day long, motor cars draw up before the church door. A priest sprinkles each with holy water and pastes upon the car a seal which insures automobile, driver, and passengers the protection of St. Christopher, lately appointed the patron saint of motor cars.

Ten years ago the consumption of gasoline in the United States was 300 million barrels; today it is 800 million barrels. Ten years ago there were two million cars in the country; today there are over twenty million. It is gasoline which has girdled the country with 300,000 miles of magnificent highways; decreased distances between communities as no other form of transportation has ever done; and with the shrinkage, stamped identical habit patterns upon the citizens of Boston, New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Kansas City, Salt Lake, Los Angeles, and Seattle. It is gasoline which now propels, in motor trucks, more gross tonnage of freight than the railroads move. The Florida boom would have been unthinkable without gasoline. In the last few years has appeared the strange phenomenon of gasoline gipsies—uncounted thousands of families on the march from one automobile camping ground to the next, the country over. It is gasoline which has made possible the mass production of week-ends—the synthetic gin is only a by-product—which has made the reclamation of abandoned farmhouses by city folks a major industry; which has quadrupled the radius between the skilled worker's home and his job; which has built golf courses and demoralized the working schedules—to say nothing of the pantaloons—of practically the entire business world above $7,500 a year; which has in the guise of the tractor revolutionized farming methods; which has created the road house, the night club, put the hot-dog industry on its feet, added stupendous efficiency to the art of banditry. No saxophone blows without a faint whiff of gasoline behind it; no silver screen can flicker without its parking lines outside. It is gasoline, not cosmetics, which has given the flapper her final polish, and made the boy friend what he is.

Which brings us to the folkways of courtship. No longer do we love by dim gaslight but by dimmed headlights—and gasoline. Cruise around the outskirts of any city or town on a summer night and note the parked and silent monsters up every lane, before every vista where moonlight sparkles on the water; tail lights glowing, and kisses warm above the steering wheel.

Dr. Watson holds, not without some show of reason, that what chiefly marks off man from the other animals are language habits. The influence of gasoline on the American language is profound. A whole new dialect of slang has been created, much of which in due time will force its way into accredited forms of speech. Coming down Tuckerman's Ravine on Mount Washington the other day, we overtook a girl in riding breeches, resting on a rock. "Pretty stiff drop," said we, obeying the courtesies of mountain trails. "Tough on the brake bands," said she with equal courtesy. "Step on it, kid"; "park your hat here"; "I've been goin' it on high for a month"; "aw, put it in reverse"; "a regular self-starter"; "flivvered out"; "throwing the Rolls Royce"; "you've got water in your mixture"; "a six-cylinder guy."

Gasoline will start the next war; gasoline in airplanes carrying poison gas will win the next war—or end the career of *homo sapiens*—it is not quite clear which.

And now comes this aggregation of flat tires, the Federal Oil Conservation Board, and wants to conclude it all by giving us only six more years of gasoline production at the

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present rate in America. The threat is grotesque, inconceivable. A law must be rushed through Congress prohibiting it. From the roar of the gusher and the shrieks of the spectators to the last flying explosion in the muffler, gasoline runs—the heart's blood of the nation. Six years—and then a gasless America! The mind reels at the contemplation of it. What? No taxis, traffic cops, Dixie highways, one-way streets, better Buicks, Standard Oil companies, filling stations, schoolgirl complexion billboards, airplanes, football stadia (for how could they be filled?), five-ton trucks, Klaxon horns, 25,000 new graves a year, *Saturday Evening Post* advertising, Fifth Avenue buses, road maps, dash-board architecture, lubricating oils, four-wheel brakes, Diesel engines, instalment selling, "Punkville 4 miles, Goodrich Tires," Tumble Inns, submarines, Ye Olde Antique Shoppes, gunmen in Packards, back-seat driving, back-seat kisses?

America without gas is a pipe without tobacco, a hearth without a fire, a suit without trousers. . . . Death rather!

The New Generation

By MATHER A. ABBOTT

[*An address delivered by the headmaster of Lawrenceville School before the Rotary Club of Trenton, New Jersey, on Armistice Day, 1926.*]

AS I looked over my boys this morning, when we were celebrating Armistice Day in chapel, I said to myself: "The war is an ever-present evil with me. I suffered so much during my three years in the navy—we all suffered so much—that we can never forget it. But not one of these fellows knows anything about it. The oldest boys were only ten years old when the Armistice was signed." Then I saw a picture. I saw a picture of myself at eighteen, and the world as it was then, and a picture of this maelstrom of a world in which our boys are now placed. Think of it, and remember your youth. In the last eight years we have had:

1. Prohibition and all it entails.
2. The ubiquitous automobile.
3. The cheap theater, especially the movies, with its sex problems.
4. The absence of parental control.
5. The ignoring of religion.
6. The emancipation of womanhood, combined with the modern dance.

There are just six things. Now, when we were eighteen, liquor was hardly thought of. We knew there were certain boys that used to drink and we did not often associate with them. As for carrying a pocket flask, it was practically unknown. When we took a girl out for a drive, we had to hire a one-horse rig and we were all properly chaperoned and looked after. We had no cheap theaters and no movies. Our parents were addressed as "sir" and "ma'am," and their word was absolute law. God was an ever-present power, whom we held in deadly awe. Imagine our feelings if a lady, with a cigarette in her mouth and drinking a cocktail, should have shown herself at one of our dinner parties thirty years ago! That sort of thing we relegated to certain streets which had red lights. And the modern dance I saw first in 1902, when I went up the Nile, in certain Ethiopian villages where the tomtom was no louder than the present-day drum! Into this maelstrom the modern youth has come, knowing nothing else, and you and I and all the members of this parental generation are absolutely responsible if youth is going to the devil. But it is not!

I have been in the business of teaching boys for thirty years. I have at present under my charge 540 boys collected from nearly every State, and I have never known a more truthful, clean-living, honorable set of young men. They are different from the boys of my youth as the sun is from the moon—full of nonsense, full of passion, headstrong, mischief-loving, but five times as decent, as truthful, and as manly. Let me describe them to you:

In the first place, their leading characteristic is that they must prove everything by trying it. They do not begin where we leave off, as we want them to do; they must go through every experience themselves. They take nothing for granted. They want facts, not camouflage. They can see the false through a ten-inch board. They have an almost devilish intuition—I say "devilish" because I have been caught so often! They will have nothing of what they call "bull" on the part of an older person. I would rather talk to five thousand people of your age than I would to my five hundred boys. I have to be so abominably careful that I can prove every word I say!

Secondly, the absence of religious instruction in their youth. Unfortunately, the mothers are too busy to give the fireside and bedside talks that they used to give the little fellows, and the fathers are too busy in business even to tell them the truth about the sex problem. Now you cannot prove the other world and you cannot prove God, and the modern generation will not accept anything you cannot prove. So, though "the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom," the modern generation is practically without it. Since the great fear which held us is absent, these boys, having the spiritual longings that all boys have, are restless. Unwilling to face the deep questions of life, they try to seek happiness in the material, and most of this desire that we hear so much of for a thrill, for breaking the law, and so on, comes from an unanswered longing within, which they think they are going to satisfy with material things, only to find that the material things cannot satisfy. So these lurid tales we hear are usually caused, not by any evil in the boy or girl, but by the untrammeled pursuit of truth which is so evident in all the young of our generation. They want to *realize* everything and, of course, you and I, in our maturity, know that very few things in this world can be realized. In this connection, I wish to use a place nearby as an illustration. This town has suddenly become notorious, but I believe there are 20,000 people in it who are not notorious, who are living lives that are decent and straight and true. But the news of a certain family in the town blackens every paper every morning. So it is with these stories of the youth of today. They are frightful stories, absolutely true, most likely, but I do not believe that 10 per cent of our youth could be thus characterized. If we looked upon the notorious happening in that town as the rule, where would America be going? But it is the great exception. So with these lurid stories; they, too, are the great exceptions.

Now, lastly, the equalization of the sexes: When you and I were boys, woman was on a pedestal; we worshiped her. There was pursuit; there was mystery; there was worship. Did we worship that which was true or that which was false? The worship has gone, disappeared, and I am told that modesty, too, has gone. Perhaps it has, but we are getting at facts; we are getting at companionship; we are

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getting at the truth. The double standard has vanished. Of course, there are terrific calamities, terrific failures, but out of them there is going to come something remarkable.

To sum up, therefore, what do I find? First, a truth-lover. Second, a word of honor that is never broken. Third, a reasonable being that will not take a rule as final until it is approved. Fourth, and most astonishing, on the whole, a clean-minded individual. And then—what will always happen where God is not regarded as supreme, what has happened throughout history where a nation has given up its God—a restlessness that is always unaccountable, a dissatisfaction of mind which makes the youth probe into things we never thought of going into, which we took on faith. Also, many failures, many disasters, as there always are in a great upheaval, where freedom gets confounded with license. No, gentlemen, the youth of the present generation, as far as I know, and I know five hundred of them very intimately, are on the way to great discoveries, have made a step toward happiness and a step toward self-government far ahead of anything we had in our youth. They need very careful handling. They need all the love and affection that a man can give them, and they are going to bring this old world of ours one step nearer heaven in the end.

In the Driftway

THE death of Leonid Krassin of pernicious anemia in London last week sent a pang of regret through the Drifter's breast. He recalled Krassin's first appearance in London as a Soviet envoy when the Drifter, too, happened to be sojourning in London. Krassin was in looks anything but the typical Bolshevik. Quiet, reserved, unassuming, and obviously in delicate health, he seemed the student and teacher. Yet many people then, as now, expected that because he was a Bolshevik he must have the mustachios of a pirate, long, flowing and unkempt hair, a bomb in one hand and a dirk in the other. Instead, he was a modest, accessible diplomat who differed in no wise in his personal appearance from the conventional Russian gentleman.

* * * * *

NATURALLY Mr. Krassin's first appearance in London was not altogether easy nor without uncomfortable happenings, even beyond the nasty editorials in the conservative press. But sometimes there were rays of light and little experiences which greatly smoothed the road for this representative of the Soviet. Thus, the Drifter recalls Krassin's experience when he undertook to give a dinner to which he invited some of the men most prominent in British public life, including Lloyd George. He was at first at a loss to know where to give the dinner, but finally decided to try one of the great hotels in the Strand. He interviewed the maitre d'hotel with distinct uneasiness. He explained that he wished to give a large dinner party, but desired to have it understood in advance that if the hotel agreed to take the dinner it would give its word to live up to its agreement and to let nothing interfere. The puzzled maitre d'hotel, piqued, declared that his hotel did not break its word. "Wait a minute," said Krassin, "you do not know who I am. I am the Bolshevik envoy, Krassin. I do not wish you to say you will serve me and then have your managing director tell me three days before the dinner that you cannot serve Bolsheviks." The maitre d'hotel smiled skeptically. "You are not Krassin?" "I am," replied the envoy, and reinforced his statement with his passport and other official documents. The maitre d'hotel looked at them and turned upon Krassin. "Do you mean to say that you wish this hotel to serve a dinner for *you*? Well, Mr. Krassin, I wish you to know that I shall consider it the greatest honor I have ever had."

* * * * *

DESPITE this welcome Krassin felt uneasy until the repast was over. Afterwards he told the Drifter that never had he eaten so fine a dinner, and never had he dreamed that a dinner could be so perfectly served. "The most interesting thing about it," he added, "was that we had a new set of waiters for every course. Later I asked the maitre d'hotel why that was. He laughed and said 'So many of them begged the privilege of serving you that I had to compromise by letting a new crew serve each course!'" And then comes the most remarkable part of it. Mr. Krassin confided to the Drifter that he could not prevail upon a single waiter to accept a tip! There is no doubt in the Drifter's mind that that incident brightened life for Krassin for many a day and offset some of the coldness he encountered when he was first received as a diplomat and people did not know whether to regard him as a wild animal or an escaped convict. If what has since been widely reported is true, Krassin steadily made his way wherever he went, because of his ability and his modesty and his quiet devotion to his job. And that is also the belief of his acquaintance,

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

In Defense of Fascism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Able and efficient government can never be attained through the head nor through the heart, but only through the hide. Even your distant proteges in Russia have been compelled to see the wisdom thereof, and, chop as much logic as you will, you cannot disprove it. Force, brute force, is the one and only method toward efficacious government.

How can you dare to assert that Fascism and its philosophy are inferior to our much-mooted democracy and liberty? Pray, where is that democracy, that liberty? In Prohibition, perhaps, or the Teapot Dome, or the crookedest Cabinet in the history of the American Presidency? By what heavenly sign has the divine right of the majority been established? Why the right of the majority any more than the similar right of kings?

It is evident (to me, at least) that our theory of government is fallacious as well as inefficient. We rule, not by the ablest, but by the most popular. At election time it is not the man who can best fulfil the desires of the voters, but the man who spends the most money in advertising, who brays the loudest, that wins. The record of Congress scarcely displays any signs of intelligence, let alone of brilliance.

Granted that free speech is denied in Italy—what good does it do us here? Has it helped with Prohibition? Has it prevented such outbreaks of delirium as were witnessed in Tennessee and, more recently, in Boston during the Mencken-*Mercury* altercation? It is much like having an expensive automobile when you haven't the money to buy gasoline.

In brief, Fascism places the needs of the nation above all—above the individual, above the group, above the interests of either capital or labor. When, in 1921, all industry, all production was at a standstill in Italy, because of the bickerings of the laborers and the manufacturers, the Fascists, the middle class of Italy, rose and forced the workers to work and the capitalists to pay. Then why this outburst?

New York, November 12

VICTOR ZORIN

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That Glorious Word—Damn

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your symposium on profanity is of great interest. Once Lord Tennyson discanted to me at great length on the silliness of profanity—its "feebly-forcefulness," etc. Then, after a silence of half a minute, or more, his whole face lit up and he exclaimed enthusiastically: "But that word "Damn" is a glorious word, is'nt it? Often, nothing else can take its place, or express the exact shade of your feeling"!

Columbia, S. C., November 13 Y. S.

And What About Europe?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Have you ever considered the tremendous target offered by the City of New York to an enemy's attack? It would be impossible to miss such a mark. It is close to the sea: it is almost as high and wide as a mountain; and it is as destructible, for modern artillery, as a glass house, or a china shop. A single first-class enemy ship could destroy the city on Manhattan Island, in half an hour, from a distance of twenty miles. Each high-explosive shell would pass clean through the skyscrapers, and blow them into ruins of twisted steel and shattered concrete; and every shot would cost us thousands of lives and millions of dollars. Fire would complete the work of destruction.

The City of New York is the heart of America, and should be defended, as men defend their own hearts. The approach of an enemy by sea or by air should be made impossible. An attack from the air, with the use of poison gas, might be even more disastrous than a bombardment. America should not disarm. America should double her armaments by sea and by air. She should have a navy and air forces capable of stopping the combined fleets of Europe in mid-Atlantic.

Chicago, October 26 BERTRAND SHADWELL

Mr. Bruce Spills

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an interview obtained recently by the New York *Evening Enquirer*, W. P. Bruce, a geologist of Boston, spills the beans. Mr. Bruce has been seeing Venezuela, and what he has seen puts Mr. Bruce fearfully in the dumps. Was Mr. Bruce moved by the sardonic mischief-making of those who put up innumerable monuments to Simon Bolivar and put down with iron heels the consequences of Bolivar's passion? Was he stirred by the realization that Venezuela through all the days of Gomez's dictatorship has been suffering an unending Santa Marta? No, it is oil that afflicts Mr. Bruce so profoundly—oil and the bad state of health of that humanitarian, Juan Vicente Gomez. Here are Mr. Bruce's own words:

> Yes, General Gomez is failing in health, and I fear is failing fast. It is said that he has Bright's disease, or nephritis, and you know what that means. However, credit must be given him for the way he has developed Venezuela's natural resources, especially her oil fields. What will happen down there if he should happen to pass out, the future only knows. I rather dread to think about it, because there is no one qualified at the present time to step into his shoes. Just how capital views the situation, I am really at a loss to understand, because all the oil concessions have been granted by the Chief Executive himself, and therefore are illegal under the laws of Venezuela, and will necessarily be subject to future revision. Here is a problem confronting not only American capital invested there, but British as well. I really see nothing but chaos ahead.

It is perhaps bad manners, but what makes Mr. Bruce sad gives us uncommon joy. Imperialistic capital in Venezuela is coming to an impasse, and it is aware of the fact. It is confused, and brought to confession. "All the oil concessions have been granted by the Chief Executive, and therefore are illegal under the laws of Venezuela, and will necessarily be subject to revision." Indeed, they will be, Mr. Bruce. And other things will be subject to revision, a drastic change. And on that purgative day Simon Bolivar will return to Caracas, to a new birth!

Brooklyn, N. Y., October 27 MARTIN FEINSTEIN,
English Secretary, The Venezuelan Labor Union

Encouragement

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read "Music and the External World" to a number of visitors; it always provokes discussion, and it is interesting to see just where the individual begins to remonstrate. I hope B. H. Haggin will continue.

West Medford, Mass., November 14 E. H.

Contributors to This Issue

SILAS BENT was formerly associate editor of the *Nation's Business*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, spent last winter in the Orient.

STUART CHASE is the author of "The Tragedy of Waste."

MATHER A. ABBOTT is headmaster of the Lawrenceville School.

RENÉ LALOU, author of "Contemporary Literature in France," is engaged upon a study of Paul Valéry to be published soon in Paris.

ABBE NILES, coeditor with W. C. Handy of "Blues," has made a special study of Negro folk-music.

ELISEO VIVAS was the author of the anonymous article, The Unknown Critic, which closed the Critic's series in *The Nation* two years ago.

MARY AUSTIN, author of "The American Rhythm" and many other books, now lives in Santa Fe.

KEITH HUTCHISON is the author of "Labor in Politics."

HAROLD J. LASKI, of the London School of Economics, is the author of "The Grammar of Politics."

DONALD DOUGLAS is the author of "The Grand Inquisitor."

R. L. BURGESS is on the staff of the San Jose *News*, San Jose, California.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES is pastor of the Community Church of New York.

MORTIMER J. ADLER is a member of the department of psychology, Columbia University.

WILLIAM MACDONALD is the author of "A New Constitution for a New America."

J. A. HOBSON, the noted British economist, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS is the author of "Woman's Dilemma."

PAUL BLANSHARD is a trade-union organizer and author of "Outline of the British Labor Movement."

GERALD CARSON is a New York business man and literary critic.

CARLETON BEALS is the author of "Mexico—an Interpretation."

R. F. DIBBLE'S most recent biography is "Mohammed."

SIDNEY R. PACKARD is a member of the department of history, Smith College.

B. H. HAGGIN, a musician of New York, is contributing a series of articles to *The Nation*.

The author of Why I Earn My Own Living is a well-known magazine writer.

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International Relations Section

The British Commonwealth of Nations

WE print below the opening sections of the report of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference, issued November 19, as cabled to the New York *Times*.

I.—Introduction

We were appointed at a meeting of the Imperial Conference, October 25, 1926, to investigate all questions on the agenda affecting inter-imperial relations.

Our discussions on these questions have been long and intricate. We found on examination that they involved considerations of fundamental principles affecting the relations of the various parts of the British Empire *inter se* as well as the relations of each part to foreign countries.

For such an examination the time at our disposal has been all too short, yet we hope that we may have laid a foundation on which subsequent conferences may build.

II.—Status of Great Britain and the Dominions

The committee are of the opinion that nothing would be gained by attempting to lay down a constitution for the British Empire. Its widely scattered parts have very different characteristics, very different histories, and are at very different stages of evolution, while considered as a whole it defies classification and bears no real resemblance to any other political organization which now exists or has ever yet been tried. There is, however, one most important element in it which from a strictly constitutional point of view has now as regards all vital matters reached its full development—we refer to the group of self-governing communities composed of Great Britain and the Dominions.

Their position and mutual relation may be readily defined. They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations.

A foreigner endeavoring to understand the true character of the British Empire by the aid of this formula alone would be tempted to think that it was devised rather to make mutual interference impossible than to make mutual cooperation easy. Such criticism, however, completely ignores the historic situation. The rapid evolution of the oversea Dominions during the last fifty years has involved many complicated adjustments of old political machinery to changing conditions. The tendency toward equality of status was both right and inevitable. Geographical and other conditions made this impossible of attainment by way of federation. The only alternative was by way of autonomy and along this road it has been steadily sought. Every self-governing member of the empire is master of its destiny. In fact, if not always in form, it is subject to no compulsion whatever.

But no account, however accurate, of the negative relations in which Great Britain and the Dominions stand to each other can do more than express a portion of the truth. The British Empire is not founded upon negations. It depends essentially if not formally, on positive ideals. Free institutions are its life-blood; free cooperation is its instrument. Peace, security, and progress are among its objects. Aspects of all these great themes have been discussed at the present conference. Excellent results have been thereby obtained, and though every Dominion is now and must always remain the sole judge of the nature and extent of its cooperation, no common cause will, in our opinion, be thereby imperiled.

Equality of status so far as Britain and the Dominions are concerned is the root principle governing our inter-imperial relations. But principles of equality and similarity appropriate to the status do not universally extend to the function. Here we require something more than immutable dogmas.

For example, to deal with questions of diplomacy and questions of defense we require also flexible machinery—machinery which can from time to time be adapted to the changing circumstances of the world. This subject also has occupied our attention. The rest of this report will show we have endeavored not only to state political theory but how to apply it to our common needs.

III.—Special Position of India

It will be noted that in previous paragraphs we have made no mention of India. Our reason for limiting their scope to Great Britain and the Dominions is that the position of India in the empire is already defined by the Government of India Act of 1919.

We would, nevertheless, recall that by resolution of the Imperial War Conference in 1917 due recognition was given to the important position held by India in the British Commonwealth. Where in this report we have had occasion to consider the position of India we have made particular reference to it.

IV.—Relations Between Various Parts of the British Empire

Existing administrative, legislative, and judicial forms are admittedly not wholly in accord with the position as described in Section II of this report. This is inevitable, since most of these forms date back to a time well antecedent to the present stage of constitutional development. Our first task, then, was to examine these forms with special reference to any cases where want of adaptation of practice to principle caused or might be thought to cause inconvenience in the conduct of inter-imperial relations.

A—Title of His Majesty. The title of His Majesty the King is of special importance and concern to all parts of His Majesty's Dominions. Twice within the last fifty years has the royal title been altered to suit changed conditions and constitutional developments.

The present title, which is that proclaimed under Royal Titles Act of 1901, is as follows: George V, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of Faith, Emperor of India.

Some time before the conference met it had been recognized that this form of title hardly accorded with the altered state of affairs arising from the establishment of the Irish Free State as a Dominion. It had further been ascertained that it would be in accordance with His Majesty's wishes that any recommendation for a change should be submitted to him as a result of the discussion at the conference.

We are unanimously of the opinion that a slight change is desirable and we recommend that, subject to His Majesty's approval, necessary legislative action should be taken to secure that His Majesty's title should henceforth be: George V, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, Ireland and the British Dominions Beyond the Seas, King, Defender of the Faith, Emperor of India.

B—Position of Governors General. We proceeded to consider whether it was desirable formally to place on record a definition of the position held by the Governor General as His Majesty's representative in the Dominions. That position, though now generally well recognized, undoubtedly represents a development from an earlier stage when the Governor General was appointed solely on advice of His Majesty's Ministers in London and acted also as their representative. The Governor of Newfoundland is in the same position as the Governor General of a Dominion.

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In our opinion, it is essential in consequence of the equality of the status existing among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, that the Governor General of a Dominion is a representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in a Dominion as is held by His Majesty, the King in Great Britain, and that he is not a representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or of any department of that Government.

It seemed to us to follow that the practice whereby the Governor General of a Dominion is the formal official channel of communication between His Majesty's Government in Great Britain and his governments in his Dominions might be regarded as no longer wholly in accordance with the constitutional position of the Governor General.

It was thought that the recognized official channel of communication should be, in the future, between government and government direct. The representatives of Great Britain readily recognized that the existing procedure might be open to criticism and accepted the proposed change in principle in relation to any of the Dominions which desired it. The details were left for settlement as soon as possible after the conference had completed its work, but it was recognized by the committee as an essential feature of any change or development in the channels of communication that the Governor General should be supplied with copies of all documents of importance and in general should be kept as fully informed as is His Majesty the King in Great Britain of Cabinet business and public affairs.

C—Operations of Dominion Legislation. Our attention was also called to various points in connection with the operation of Dominion legislation which, it was suggested, required clarification:

The particular points involved were:

(1) The present practice under which the acts of the Dominion Parliaments are sent each year to London and it is intimated through the Secretary of State for Dominion Affairs that His Majesty will not be advised to exercise his powers of disallowance with regard to them.

(2) The reservation of Dominion legislation in certain circumstances for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure which is signified on advice tendered by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain.

(3) The difference between the legislative competence of the Parliament at Westminster and the Dominion Parliaments in that acts passed by the latter operate as a general rule only within the territorial area of the Dominion concerned.

(4) The operation of legislation passed by Parliament at Westminster in relation to the Dominions. In this connection special attention was called to such statutes as the Colonial Laws Validity Act. It was suggested that in the future uniformity of legislation as between Great Britain and the Dominions could best be secured by the enactment of reciprocal statutes, based upon consultation and agreement.

We gave these matters the best consideration possible in the limited time at our disposal, but came to the conclusion that the issues involved were so complex that there would be grave danger in attempting any immediate pronouncement other than the statement of certain principles which, in our opinion, underlie the whole question of the operation of Dominion legislation. We feel that, for the rest, it would be necessary to obtain expert guidance as a preliminary to further consideration by His Majesty's Governments in Great Britain and the Dominions.

On the questions raised with regard to disallowance and reservation of Dominion legislation, it was explained by the Irish Free State representatives that they desired to elucidate constitutional practice in relation to Canada, since it was provided by Article 2 of the articles of agreement for the Treaty of 1921 that "The position of the Irish Free State, in relation

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to the Imperial Parliament and Government and otherwise shall be that of the Dominion of Canada."

On this point we propose that it should be placed on record that apart from the provisions embodied in the constitutions or in specific statutes expressly providing for reservation, it is recognized that it is the right of the Government of each Dominion to advise the Crown in all matters relating to its own affairs. Consequently it would not be in accordance with constitutional practice for advice to be tendered to His Majesty by His Majesty's Government in Great Britain in any matter appertaining to the affairs of a Dominion against the views of the Government of that Dominion.

Appropriate procedure with regard to projected legislation in one of the self-governing parts of the empire which may affect the interests of other self-governing parts rests on previous consultation between His Majesty's Ministers in the several parts concerned.

On the question raised with regard to the legislative competence of members of the British Commonwealth of Nations other than Great Britain and in particular to the desirability of those members being enabled to legislate with extraterritorial effect, we think that it should similarly be placed on record that constitutional practice is that legislation by the Parliament at Westminster applying to a Dominion would only be passed with the consent of the Dominion concerned.

As already indicated, however, we are of the opinion that there are points arising out of these considerations and in application of these general principles which will require detailed examination, and we accordingly recommend that steps should be taken by Great Britain and the Dominions to set up a committee with terms of reference on the following lines: To inquire into and report upon and make recommendations concerning, first, existing statutory provisions requiring the reservation of Dominion legislation for assent of His Majesty or authorizing disallowance of such legislation; second (a), the present position, as to competence, of the Dominion Parliaments to give their legislation extraterritorial operation; (b) the practicability and most convenient method of giving effect to the principle that each Dominion Parliament should have the power to give extraterritorial operation to its legislation in all cases where such operation is ancillary to provisions for peace, order, and good government of that Dominion; third, principles embodied in or underlying the Colonial Laws Validity Act of 1865 and extent to which any provisions of that act ought to be repealed, amended, or modified in the light of existing relations between the various members of the British Commonwealth of Nations, as described in this report.

[Sections on Merchant Shipping Legislation and Appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council are here omitted.]

V—Relations with Foreign Countries

From questions especially concerning the relations of various parts of the British Empire with one another we naturally turned to those affecting their relations with foreign countries. In the latter sphere a beginning had been made toward making clear those relations by resolution of the Imperial Conference of 1923 on the subject of negotiation, signature, and ratification of treaties. But it seemed desirable to examine the working of that resolution during the past three years, and also consider whether the principles laid down with regard to treaties could not be applied with advantage in a wider sphere.

A—Procedure in Relation to Treaties. We appointed a special subcommittee, under the Chairmanship of the Minister of Justice of Canada, the Honorable E. LaPointe, K. C., to consider the question of treaty procedure. The subcommittee, on whose report the following paragraphs are based, found that the resolution of the conference of 1923 embodied, on most points, useful rules for the guidance of the governments. As they became more thoroughly understood and established they would prove effective in practice.

Some phases of treaty procedure were examined, however,

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in greater detail in the light of experience in order to consider to what extent the resolution of 1923 might with advantage be supplemented.

B—Negotiations. It was agreed in 1923 that any of the governments of the empire contemplating the negotiation of a treaty should give due consideration to its possible effect upon other governments, and should take steps to inform the governments likely to be interested of its intention.

This rule should be understood as applying to any negotiations which any government intends to conduct so as to leave it to the other governments to say whether they are likely to be interested.

When a government has received information of the intention of any other government to conduct negotiations it is incumbent upon it to indicate its attitude with reasonable promptitude. So long as the initiating government receives no adverse comments, and so long as its policy involves no active obligations on the part of other governments, it may proceed on the assumption that its policy is generally acceptable. It must, however, before taking any steps which might involve other governments in any active obligations, obtain their definite assent.

Where by the nature of a treaty it is desirable that it should be ratified on behalf of all the governments of the empire the initiating government may assume that the government which has had full opportunity of indicating its attitude, and has made no adverse comments, will concur in the ratification of the treaty. In the case of a government that prefers not to concur in the ratification of a treaty unless it has been signed by a plenipotentiary authorized to act on its behalf it will advise the appointment of a plenipotentiary so to act.

C—Form of Treaty. Some treaties begin with a list of the contracting countries, and not with a list of the heads of states. In the case of treaties negotiated under the auspices of the League of Nations adherence to the wording of the annex to the Covenant for the purpose of describing the contracting party has led to the use in the preamble of the term "British Empire," with the enumeration of the Dominions and India if parties to the convention, but without any mention of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and the colonies and protectorates. These are only included by virtue of their being covered by the term "British Empire."

This practice, while suggesting that the Dominions and India are not on a footing of equality with Great Britain as participants of the treaties in question, tends to obscurity and misunderstanding and is generally unsatisfactory.

As a means of overcoming this difficulty it is recommended that all treaties (other than agreements between governments), whether negotiated under the auspices of the League or not, should be made in the name of the heads of the states, and if a treaty is signed on behalf of any or all of the governments of the empire the treaty should be made in the name of the King, a symbol of the special relationship between the different parts of the empire.

British units on behalf of which a treaty is signed should be grouped together in the following order: Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and all the parts of the British Empire which are not separate members of the League; Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, the Irish Free State, and India. A specimen form of treaty as recommended is attached as an appendix to the committee's reports.

In the case of a treaty applying to only one part of the empire it should be stated to be made by the King on behalf of that part.

The making of a treaty in the name of the King as a symbol of the special relationship between the different parts of the empire will render superfluous the inclusion of any provision that its terms must not be regarded as regulating *inter se* the rights and obligations of various territories other than that on behalf of which it has been signed in the name of the King.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that the question was discussed at the Arms Traffic Conference in 1925, and

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that the Legal Committee of that conference laid it down that the principle to which the foregoing sentence gives expression underlies all international conventions.

In the case of some international agreements the governments of the different parts of the empire may be willing to apply between themselves some of the provisions as administrative measures. In this case they should state the extent to which and the terms on which such provisions are to apply. Where international agreements are to be applied between the different parts of the empire, the form of treaty between the heads of states should be avoided.

D—Full Powers. Plenipotentiaries for the various British units should have full powers issued in each case by the King, on the advice of the government concerned, indicating and corresponding to the part of the empire for which they are to sign. It will frequently be found convenient, particularly where there are some parts of the empire on which it is not contemplated that active obligations will be imposed, but where the position of British subjects belonging to these parts will be affected, for such government to advise the issue of full powers on their behalf to a plenipotentiary appointed to act on behalf the government or governments mainly concerned. In other cases provision might be made for the accession by other parts of the empire at a later date.

E—Signature. In a case where the names of countries are appended to signatures in a treaty different parts of the empire should be designated in the same manner as is proposed in regard to the list of plenipotentiaries in the preamble to the treaty. The signatures of the plenipotentiaries of the various parts of the empire should be grouped together in the same order as is proposed above.

Signature of a treaty on behalf of a part of the empire should cover territories for which the mandate has been given to that part of the empire unless the contrary is stated at the time of signature.

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The Importance of Paul Valéry

By RENÉ LALOU

PAUL-AMBROISE VALÉRY was born in 1872. A friend of Pierre Louys, he contributed several poems to the symbolist reviews from 1889 to 1895; and he was then considered as the most promising disciple of Stéphane Mallarmé. He also published two prose works, "Introduction à la méthode de Léonard de Vinci" (1895) and "La Soirée avec M. Teste" (1896), whose importance was to be fully realized only twenty years later. At that early time nobody seemed to understand that he had given in the two books both a clue to his problem and an explanation of the silence which was to ensue for more than fifteen years. Van Bever and Léautaud, the authors of the best symbolist anthology, found much difficulty in accounting for what they thought to be mere perversity. "Paul Valéry," they wrote, "has given himself for several years to extra-literary researches which it is not easy to define, as they seem to be grounded on a premeditated confusion of method between exact sciences and artistic instincts." This definition was not quite clear; yet there was something in it, as will appear hereafter.

In 1917 Valéry published "La Jeune Parque," a poem of some five hundred lines which created a stir in literary circles; others followed till 1922, when they all were collected in a volume significantly called "Charmes" (Carmina). Each of them was hailed as a masterpiece; Valéry's old work in prose and verse was studied anew; and he now offered several essays, two Socratic dialogues, and some fragments of his notebooks. His fame was spreading rapidly, not only as a poet but also as a master of French thought and as one of our intellectual leaders. His election as a member of the Academy honored that institution rather than added new glory to his name.

The reason for Valéry's extraordinary success must be sought in those very researches which perplexed his former critics. His problem is the highest problem, the problem of the mind. He has stated it unequivocally: "The things of the world interest me only in their relation to the intellect. Bacon said this intellect is an idol. I agree, but I have never found a better one." From his youth Valéry has been busy answering that ever-recurring question: What can man accomplish? What is he master of? His intellect being his only weapon, where does that lead him? Can the unity of the mind prevail over the diversity of things? Can the mind form that "decisive image" to which it aspires and classify things "according to their facility or their difficulty"? The aim of the intellect is an infinite extension of continuity; can it create a continuous universe?

The struggle, at first glance, seems best exemplified in those we name our great men. The "Introduction" is the study of a great man who stands as "a complete system in himself" and who possesses the secret of "recovering relations between things whose law of continuity escapes us." For we must notice that genius is something logical, not at all mysterious: "Where others had not yet seen anything, he had already looked, combined, and did no more than read in his mind." In the note he added in 1919 to his "Introduction" of 1894, Valéry explains why he chose Leonardo for his hero: "I felt that this master of his means, this possessor of drawing, of images, of arithmetic, had found the central attitude starting from which the enterprises of knowledge and the operations of art are equally possible." He elected Leonardo for his champion because Leonardo had proclaimed: "It is easy to make oneself universal."

Too easy, indeed, in such a conception; hence arose a new scruple. Once he had reached that central point in the mind where all its powers, scientific or artistic, passive or creative, are united, Valéry was entitled to write: "Genius is easy, fortune is easy, divinity is easy. I simply mean I know how they are conceivable." To become universal is not difficult; the hardest task is to remain so, never surrendering the relentless ideal of precision. Is that the case with our famous men? Of course not. As Valéry writes in "La Soirée," "every great man is tainted with an error, . . . the initial error which made him famous." The "great man" belittles his greatness in order that the crowd may perceive it. This led Valéry to imagine that the greatest among mortals are not the acknowledged great men but some unknown individuals who will die without having ever confessed their superiority. To embody that truth Valéry invented Edmond Teste.

"La Soirée" is the intellectual biography of Edmond Teste, a solitary man whose dwelling is "analogous to the any-point-whatsoever of the theorems." There he reaches the highest degree of consciousness, the most refined use of liberty: "He was the being absorbed in his variations, the man who becomes his system, who gives himself entirely to the dreadful discipline of the free mind, who makes his joys kill his joys, the weakest murdered by the strongest." M. Teste "defeats everything except the suffering of his body beyond a certain intensity." He can do everything, but he would lose that universal power if he attempted to do anything. A lordly, comprehensive inaction was the last word of Valéry's second witness, the *testis* of his desperate distinctness, of his murdering lucidity. The same obstacle had blocked his way both as a writer and as a thinker: "Whenever I began throwing the dice on paper, I produced only words witnessing the impotence of thought: Genius, Mystery, Profound. . . . I replied so promptly with my pitiless sentences to my nascent propositions that the sum of my exchanges, at each instant, was nothing." Silence was the only issue left.

In his retirement, however, Valéry kept faithful to "the obstinate rigor" of Leonardo; he could then notice that "once rigor has been instituted, a positive liberty becomes possible." He studied the exact sciences, which brought him the certainty that the human mind cannot err as long as it confines itself to the arbitrary systems of its own making. A correct mathematician is infallible provided he strictly obeys the laws of the abstract game. Cannot a poet do the same, work on relations only, thus reaching an equal degree of immaterial reality? The "mechanical sieve" which Teste was demanding Valéry found in language with its two uses, practical and poetical, and its two values, intellectual and sensuous. What Valéry has called "pure poetry" (a much-misunderstood expression) requires two conditions: a perfect lucidity excluding all instinctive enthusiasm and a coherent "language-machine." Firmly convinced that "learned poetry is a profoundly skeptical art," Valéry planned his "Jeune Parque" as an exercise and cast it in the molds of the classical language-machine. The writer, he asserted, must feel himself at the same time "source, engineer,

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and agent of constraint." As a source, he must use his inspiration without ever allowing himself to be carried away by it. As an engineer, he must proceed to a kind of mental alchemy, creating both the work and the emotions that the work will suggest to the future reader. As an agent of constraint, he will augment the power of his fire by submitting it to a system of coherent contrarieties. For a French poet such a system is not to be invented over again; our classical prosody offers it, strengthened by the efforts of several centuries. "The obligatory numbers, the rhymes, the fixed forms, all these arbitrary elements once for all adopted and opposed to ourselves, have a certain philosophical beauty of their own."

That philosophical beauty is always present in the work of Valéry. His poems rank already among our most precious treasures. Even those romantics who complain about a haughty disdain of sensibility in his pure poetry willingly agree that his dialogues and essays make him a master of French prose, not only for the strength of his argument but also for the matchless grace of his style. Valéry indeed is a Mediterranean; if he is always painting the incessant struggle of the mind, he embodies it in beautiful images. Beauty with him is not an abstract idea but a sensuous form. Edgar Poe and Mallarmé taught him the charm of music; from the Greeks he has learned the splendor of architecture; his creation aims at the combined beauty of the two arts. He knows what danger threatens the intellect. "Nothing," he says, "leads us to absolute barbarity more surely than an exclusive love for pure mind." That is why he honors the human body, which holds the soul "as the anchor holds the ship." If we are allowed to use as convenient landmarks the names of Plato and Keats, we may say that Valéry is the equivalent of either and covers the interval between.

During the war some people discovered that, twenty years before, Valéry had contributed to the *New Review* an article which William Henley had published as The German Conquest. The article of 1895 looked so much like a prophecy for the readers of 1915 that it was reprinted under its true title, A Methodical Victory. In 1919 the *Athenaeum* printed La Crise de l'Esprit, another essay by Valéry. It opened with impressive words: "We, civilizations, know henceforth that we are mortal. . . ." It concluded with a solemn query. Would Europe, Valéry asked, keep her place at the head of the civilized world or would she become in every regard what she is geographically, "a small cape of the Asiatic continent"?

Most of his admirers will declare that *he* is the answer to that question, that Europe has lost nothing so long as it remains capable of giving birth to men like Valéry. No one will deny that there is something typically French in his personality, in the way his art harmonizes symbolism and classicism, his thought reconciles the intellect with the senses. But the French tradition he revives is that of the seventeenth century, when French thinkers often were the leaders of European opinion. In every European country where he has been invited to lecture, Valéry has been revered as a kind of unofficial ambassador, standing for the most exhaustive analysis of the human mind that has been attempted since the days of René Descartes. At a time when what we call, on this side of the Atlantic, Western civilization is reacting against all the Asiatic mysticisms as well as looking somewhat distrustfully at the industrialization of the mind in business-like America, the importance of Paul Valéry in European thought can hardly be exaggerated.

Rediscovering the Spirituals*

By ABBE NILES

LIKE a poor congregation's church, the now general recognition of the Negro's contribution to American music through his religious songs was a long time building. Mr. Fisher[1] seems correctly to credit H. T. Burleigh[2] with ushering in the good day when in 1916 he published "Deep River," but fails to note that not this, but certain of the examples in Krehbiel's[3] study of two years earlier, constituted the first arrangements of spirituals for solo voice and piano; nor does he mention the part played by Homer Rodeheaver[4] in introducing some of these songs to Billy Sunday's hundreds of thousands, scarcely habitués of concert halls. For the rest, thank an already waning fad which leaves behind a solid body of knowledge and beauty for the constant.

Several myths have been dispelled; others are tottering. Item: that the Negro merely filched, say, from the pale and flabby "gospel hymns." Krehbiel commenced and Ballanta[5] has completed the demolition of this absurdity; Mrs. Burlin[6] has summed up the facts:

> . . . the characteristics which give to his [the Negro's] music an interest worthy of particular study are precisely those which differentiate Negro songs from the songs of the neighboring white man; they are racial traits, and the black man brought them from the Dark Continent.

It is becoming less and less easy to pirate the aesthetic product of the blacks and simultaneously dub them "the most imitative race on earth." Item: that the spirituals were "group compositions," each a sort of monstrous coincidence. Not the accumulation of collections will dispel such a fallacy, but the repetition of even such qualified dissents as James Weldon Johnson's[7]:

> My opinion is that the far greater part of them is the work of talented individuals influenced by the pressure and reaction of the group.

Some, indeed, are too elaborate to have been born otherwise than in solitude. Item: such expressions as Henry O. Osgood's[8]:

> The spirituals have a great vogue today, one that is hardly justified by the aesthetic value of any except a very small group of them.

today indicate merely that the speaker has not taken the little trouble necessary to acquaint himself with more than a small group. More can be asked from no body of folksong than may be found among the spirituals. More, by the way, need not be aspired to by their admirers. Specifically, it is difficult to appreciate Mr. Johnson's[9] concern that Negro themes should be commonly employed in this country as material for music in the larger forms; an anxiety underlaid by the idea which comes out in grosser form in Paul Whiteman's[10]

> What folksong would have amounted to anything if some great writer had not put it into a symphony?

Dvorak's use of Negro themes doubtless helped the spirituals toward recognition, but the weaving of an integral living thing like a folksong into the structure of a symphony may place, even invigorate, the latter only at the expense of

* This is the first of several articles which will appear in the book numbers of *The Nation* on contributions to American literature and art from other than Nordic sources.

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the former; it is by no means written that the "New World Symphony" will outlive "Go Down, Moses." Item (but this one still debatable): the theory gently questioned by Mr. Fisher:

> Writers (usually not musicians) speak of preserving the "original harmony" of the spirituals. Is there any to preserve?

The truth, as the writer then points out, is that two collections which painstakingly record the four parts as sung by Negroes exhibit except for a few features the most conventional harmonizations, contrasting with the many and often striking peculiarities of the melodies themselves. But Mr. Fisher does not discuss in this connection the harmonies recorded with equal care in the new compilation[5] from the little South Carolina island of St. Helena; these indeed are often both alien and stirring in a harsh wild way, and coming from this isolated spot they help suggest the answer "some" to Mr. Fisher's question. And while the possibly opportunist Snyder collection[11] demonstrates that the simplest voice-and-piano settings will pass, Mr. Fisher's is a dangerous question, for future arrangers may read in its implied negative an unmeant permission not merely to discard such racial earmarks as are available, but to produce "spirituals" suggesting *Les Six*, or another blonde smiling at the front rows over her manuscript. Not every accompaniment in his own volume avoids such a horror.

On the constructive side, through Krehbiel[3] we have acquired as illuminating an analysis of this body of song as could be hoped for from a white man; in particular, the classification of over five hundred specimens which revealed that the oft-mentioned effect of "sadness" derives not from the use of the minor mode (actually uncommon) but from the raising, flatting, or studiously avoiding certain tones of the scales familiar to us, intensifying by strangeness to Western ears a melancholy otherwise dependent on deeper secrets of melody, rhythm, and form. Krehbiel's illustrations are a treasury of the weird, and while comparatively few, assay higher (see "Dig Ma Grave," the passionate and somber "You May Bury Me in de Eas'," and "Come Tremblein' Down," anomalous for its triple time and uncannily suggesting a primitive English carol) than any other substantial collection. Krehbiel's method has now been applied to new material by Mr. Fisher, whose volume[1], with its historical and critical introduction, bibliography, and notes to every song, is a model for future editors. The songs themselves—the several work of no less than ten musicians—are naturally of uneven merit as arrangements, but many are excellent and a number new, while particular attention is due the heavenly "Sail Over Yonder" (Grant-Schaefer); Mr. Fisher's versions of "Give Me Jesus," "Don't Be Weary, Traveler," and "Troubles Gwineter Weigh Me Down"; the majestic "Ride On, King Jesus" (Gaul) and "Walk Together, Children" (Rosamund Johnson); and two notable newcomers from Tennessee splendidly arranged by Charles Fonteyne Manney. With Krehbiel's and Fisher's must be considered a third work[5], in reviewing which a well-known sociologist (himself coauthor of a volume on Negro songs containing no note of music) permits himself to say:

> Ballanta's foreword is hardly the kind of foreword which the average person who is interested in Negro song could comprehend. His ultra-technical discussion of rhythm, scales, and tones, his theorizing on the characteristics of and differences between African and American Negro music are hard enough for a musician to digest, much less the ordinary devotee of Negro song. A few words about the people of St. Helena Island, their songs, customs, and the like would have been much more appropriate for the sort of collection which Ballanta made.

—a winningly naive exposure of the mind of the specialist in A(1) contemplating an original and momentous excursion in field A(2). It is true that this explanation by a native African of the racial concepts back of the rhythmical and melodic phenomena which Krehbiel merely noted and classified is abstruse, but any inquiring musician would welcome it though tacked on to a seed catalogue. Moreover, the hundred-odd songs in this book are presented in a form more adapted for students and prospective arrangers (Rosamund Johnson has already used a dozen or more to great advantage) than for the "ordinary devotee." With a few exceptions their poetry is below the average; the accompaniments uncompromisingly follow the parts in which they are sung in St. Helena; this is a musician's collection and most appropriately prefaced, although "I'm a Runnin' Fo' Ma Life" as it stands would bring shouts of joy from most audiences, and though no arranger's finger is needed to point out the stern beauties (what bassoes must inhabit this islet!) of "Eagle's Wings," "Too Late," "Way By-and-By."

The first Johnson volume[7] has had the lion's share of public notice and has deserved it as the first token of an attempt at something definitive, though as such both it and its successor exhibit the inexplicable defects of omitting any disclosure of the birthplaces and histories of the several songs. Mr. Johnson's forewords are too nearly briefs—very excusably so, but the spirituals are their own best advocates and one grudges the space which might have gone to supplement such authoritative portions as the general discussion from the poetical viewpoint, with definite information about the tunes and poems themselves. Here must be confessed a disappointment with the arrangements in the first volume which may be largely due to the difficulty (alone, at the piano) of combining these accompaniments with the airs; at any rate the writer found these settings, while always competent and sometimes—as par excellence in "Jacob's Ladder"—brilliant, often thin or distracting, while he found his judgment reversed as to almost every one he heard played and sung by the arranger himself and Taylor Gordon. In the second volume[9], on the other hand, the keenest private pleasure is to be found, and it is unreservedly recommended to the voiceless pianist, especially for such examples of unearthly melancholy and charm as "Chilly Water" or "Death's Gwineter Lay His Cold Icy Hand on Me," such a creation (the word is advised) as "Daniel Saw de Stone," for the gloomy agitated rhythms of "I Want to Die Easy," the tempestuous brief cry "My Lawd Says He's Gwineter Rain Down Fire," the finality of perfection in the version of the St. Helena Charleston-spiritual "Same Train." Emmett Kennedy's[12] text is not informative; his arrangements are distinguished and uniformly imaginative and original. His material—found in Louisiana—is mostly unpublished elsewhere (though it is amusing to find that our old friend "Frankie and Johnny" takes for Mardi-Gras the mask of "My Baby in a Guinea-Blue Gown" and deceives Mr. Kennedy himself); and at least one song, air and setting, touches the heights: "If You Can't Come Send One Angel Down."

But too little, if anything, has been written about the two modest paper-covered Frey collections[13], one the first of all the recent company. Mr. Frey, best known as the composer of such witty and melodious ragtime as "Shakespearean Love," "Havanola," "Calicoco," thus meets one of two near-requirements: color, and a term served writing

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for Broadway (Mr. Johnson, writer of "My Castle on the Nile," meets both). If his work is properly light-footed, it displays also the feeling and understanding necessary to convey no less of dignity, sorrow, or exaltation than his subject requires, and while space permits mention here only of that free deep flow of rueful grace, "The Lonesome Valley," his seems to the writer the outstanding collection by any white man, and his the happiest guises in which a number of these gracious airs have found themselves.

[1] "70 Negro Spirituals." Edited and with a Foreword by William Arms Fisher. Oliver Ditson Company. $2.50.
[2] Mr. Burleigh has published many arrangements of spirituals not yet collected in book form.
[3] "Afro-American Folk Songs." By Henry T. Krehbiel. New edition. G. Schirmer. $2.50.
[4] See "Rodeheaver's Negro Spirituals." The Rodeheaver Company.
[5] "St. Helena Island Spirituals." Recorded and with a Foreword by N. G. J. Ballanta. G. Schirmer. $1.50.
[6] "Hampton Series, Negro Folk-Songs." Recorded and with Notes by Natalie Curtis-Burlin. G. Schirmer. $2.
[7] "The Book of American Negro Spirituals." By J. Rosamund Johnson and Lawrence Brown; Foreword by James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press. $3.50.
[8] In "So This Is Jazz."
[9] "The Second Book of American Negro Spirituals." By Rosamund Johnson; Foreword by James Weldon Johnson. Viking Press. $3.50.
[10] In "Jazz."
[11] "The Jack Snyder Collection of Spirituals." Jack Snyder Company. 75 cents.
[12] "Mellows." By R. Emmett Kennedy. A. & C. Boni. $5.
[13] "Famous Negro Spirituals"; "Celebrated Negro Spirituals." By Hugo Frey. Robbins-Engel. Each 75 cents.

The Critic's Answer*

By ELISEO VIVAS

GRANTING that the American artist can be productive here and nowhere else, the most important question of all remains yet to be answered. For it is obvious that the artist can create in America. One need only consult the fall lists of New York publishing houses to be convinced that the spring of artistic production which before the war was becoming a rushing torrent has already become a flood, and that it grows with time. But if we are to understand the problem of art in America, we must first answer the question in different terms from those in which it has already been answered. For what we really desire to know is whether conditions of life in America in any way hinder the artist's expression. And this we cannot find out until we have ascertained whether that which the artist has been creating in this country in modern times is great. If it is, we must ask how, then, does it compare with the product of the ages? Further, if it does not compare favorably, why not? And in the answer to this question, I think, we have the key to the whole question.

To answer such questions, however, one must go much further than the personal and limited experience of the artist. For this reason, I believe, the critic should be allowed to have his say. For one has to study questions and conditions with which the artist is seldom concerned, and which may seem to him, in fact, little relevant to his own creative process. One must investigate ideals, ideologies, philosophic and spiritual currents playing on the artist, and one must seek to discover exactly what influences institutions exert on him and on his material.

It must already have become apparent that in order to answer the question fully it is not sufficient to point out, as Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Masters have pointed out, that the American scene is varied and rich enough for any art—none richer today. Of course it is, to the American artist. The truth is that the scene of life, no matter in what country, at what date of its history, in life's eternal flux and in the paradoxical recurrence of permanent yet seemingly ever new manifestations, never for one instant ceases to be a fitting subject for the artist. The artist who says (if any such ever existed) that the life of his age has ceased to interest him, that he would like to have been born in another age, and that the dulness which he encounters around him is the reason why he does not create, is simply and obviously shifting the responsibility for his own sterility. Nor may we escape this truism by speaking of a period of decadence. Decadence is too vague a term and no one has yet successfully defined it. Decadent in what? Do we mean that the human spirit, at certain periods of history, enters into a lethargy? The idea of decadence with which we love nowadays so much to toy has no scientific validity. It seems rather more plausible to say that the human spirit (relatively constant in its powers, for we have absolutely no data on which to rest the belief that the Periclean age had more brain content than that of 700 A.D. or our own) meets occasionally with conditions and circumstances so complicated, so utter beyond its control, that it cannot grapple with them.

Now here, indirectly, we have come to the crux of o problem. The question we have asked is really whethe conditions in our times in America are such as to allow the birth of great art—and what greatness they do allow

I do not alone mean by "conditions" such obvious and superficial manifestations of our age as industrialism These can be easily recognized and evaluated. I mean also conditions emanating from the philosophic structure of the age: the dogmas, the prejudgments, the spiritual as well as intellectual or material forces which govern us. Dogmas and currents from which the age draws its color and acquires its temper. And which draw the artist into their vortex more violently than he ever knows and more inexorably than he would be willing to admit.

The answer to the question, I may say immediately is a negative one. Great art, that is to say, art which can compare with that of Aeschylus or Euripides, with that of Shakespeare or Rabelais or Cervantes, is not possible in America today. And I say today because I do not yield second place to any one in my faith for the potentialities which lie hidden in the soul of this empire. I may further point out, before I attempt to defend my belief, that the art of America today is of importance, and perhaps will live, not as art, intrinsically, but as an index of an important civilization in its early stages of development. We may here without danger of confusion or vagueness yield to the popular clichés and say that the soul of Europe is impotent, that such strange and indefinable products of its genius as "Ulysses" and "A la recherche du Temps Perdu" are the last rich fruits of an arbor already dying. For though these phrases do not explain much in reality, they bear a sediment of demonstrable truth.

But my contention that we cannot produce art of the first magnitude should need no defense, nor can I here furnish an elaborate one. Yet if we take our contemporary masterpieces it will be easy for us to see that, measured by the criteria with which we judge those of the masters, they fall into the category of minor works of art. There

* This is the eleventh of a series of articles by American writers, answering in the light of their general experience the question: Can an artist function freely in the United States? Mary Austin, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Zona Gale, Edgar Lee Masters, Ludwig Lewisohn, Sinclair Lewis, Floyd Dell, Irwin Edman, and Ralph M. Pearson have hitherto contributed.

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is no doubt that Edgar Lee Masters has written in the "Spoon River Anthology" something which will baffle the efforts of oblivion. One feels something in it which is of permanent and universal human interest. And the same is also true of "Winesburg, Ohio," and, in spite of its slipshod form, of "Sister Carrie." It is not as apparent, perhaps, of "Jurgen." But shall we say that these, the greatest works of art of contemporary America, compare with "Hamlet" or with "Don Quixote"? With "Rabelais" or with "King Lear"? Are they as significant, as profound, as unmistakably works of genius—so that it can be said that they will live as vigorously as they do now outside of the peculiar material and ideal conditions which saw them born?

And why not? Not, it seems to me, because their creators are smaller than the masters. Again such a facile answer leaves everything to be explained. Nor should we enter into futile and perhaps even odious comparisons of the moderns and the masters. On that score I would not venture an opinion. But whatever their relative merit, it must also be borne in mind that our artists are laboring under circumstances which they cannot, for the present, expect to control, of which they are, and must for some time yet remain, the victims.

Exactly what are these conditions? It will be sufficient for our purpose to say that the artist here is not able to create great works of art because, no matter what degree of detachment he could achieve from the contemporary scene, no matter how far he could recede from the crazy pageantry which constitutes his material, even under the most auspicious circumstances he could not expect to digest that scene totally, he could not expect to see it, that is to say, steadily and wholly under the light of a unifying principle. The confusion of our age is too great, too loud is its din and too quick its tempo, for us totally to master its intricate pattern. And without the mastery of the details of life and a complete cognizance of the forces that guide it, we can never hope to express it fully. We may today, it is true, take a small section of existence and say of it, it is thus and so, we can perceive such and such forces playing in it for good or evil, such forces carrying it hither or thither. In so far as we are able to do this we will dimly foreshadow, as Dreiser and Masters and Anderson have already foreshadowed, some qualities of life which justly appear to us to be permanent and radical characteristics of existence, independent of superficial manifestations and impervious to superficial pressures. But until we are able to see the whole phenomenon of life as a unit, and until our understanding of the forces which move it becomes so thorough as to play freely, the creation of great masterpieces—the advent of Hamlets or Quixotes, of Gargantuas or Fausts—will be denied us.

Our age obviously does not lend itself to such an understanding. Are we not proud of its confusion? And to believe that one could express confusion is to fall into a sad contradiction in terms, to say the least. For to express is to define and limit something in the phenomenal world first, that is to say, to understand it and then to render it symbolically. But how can we express contemporary life if its most radical characteristic is its confusion, if it is not amenable to be understood and defined and limited? That is to say, how can we express it if we cannot analyze it, and, having analyzed it, we lack a concept—philosophical or religious or moral—through which we can achieve a synthesis?

Not to You Only, O Pythian

By MARY AUSTIN

Not to you only, O Pythian,
Out of rock crevices,
Out of earth's sacred middle
Where the ancient spore of the Sun
Still works in her,
Comes madness.

Here, out of Arroyos Hondos,
Between the prevailing
Stiff stems of the junipers,
Dream shaping vapors set back the moonlight.
Here, from the wine red rift of the rim-rock,
Weighting the eyelids,
Out of the Grand Canyon's motionless unreality,
Visions prophetic.

Not to you only, the wish-colored
Word Hieratic,
Not solely at Delos, O Pythian,
But here at the desert's fire new edges,
Inebriate of the Earth, to the Sun corybantic,
The god with my voice declaring
What I discern not.

Books

First Glance

"BENEATH the organized vivacity of our American communities, who is not aware of a blankness, a sterility, a boredom, a despair?" Lewis Mumford asks this question at the end of "The Golden Day: A Study in American Experience and Culture" (Boni and Liveright: $2.50), and does not wait for an answer. He does not wait for an answer because he has given one in the form of an explanation. His book, which starts from a feeling that life in America is unsatisfactory today, is an investigation of our past undertaken with a view to discovering in the first place whether we ever were happier than we are now and in the second place whether, if there is a reason for our spiritual condition, that reason can be followed back to its roots. Mr. Mumford did something of the same sort of thing in "Sticks and Stones," taking his departure there from architecture as it has revealed, generation in and generation out, our weaknesses and our occasional strength. Here his material is literature. In appearance a series of essays on American authors who would be significant in such a study, "The Golden Day" is in reality all one essay, all one cry of hope mingled with despair. It is intensely unified—wherefrom comes its charm and wherein lies its error.

Mr. Mumford's error is that he too much suffers in the presence of error—which he defines in too strict terms. Like Van Wyck Brooks, from whom as critic he stems, he makes too fine a demand upon both books and men; and though there is certainly nothing amiss in a beautiful idea—Mr. Mumford's central idea is a veritable gem, polished

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and radiant—it is permissible to point out that history needs to be written with a rougher hand. Mr. Mumford looks for evidence that America once possessed a literature which expressed the single portion of her soul he likes to contemplate. This is the mystical portion—the portion having to do with those states of being in which the whole of experience is transformed in the mind and made to shine there with a pure white light. Mr. Mumford dismisses under the head of error every book which has failed to participate in this vision or has succeeded incompletely. He asks first what the American experience is, and the answer takes him back a long way into the history of European culture, of which we seemed to promise an improvement. He asks next what the American mind, working freely and passionately, can do with such experience, and the answer takes him up and down our literature. His criticism of most American literature is that it has done nothing with American experience; the pioneer, far from facing the Nature he came to seek, merely evaded society and became a savage; and since the Civil War we have either debauched ourselves with externals—been pragmatists of the present moment—or gone mooning back to Europe, which, unfortunately, is dead, for relics of its culture to place in our museums. Only once, in a Golden Day which lasted twenty years, did we see life whole. That was the day of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Melville. Those men opened their eyes and saw " a new America"—an America which we have not yet realized.

I am far from denying the importance of Mr. Mumford's golden five, but I am far from believing that they or any other five are a cluster of touchstones by which earlier and later men can be evaluated. Mr. Mumford, blinded by their light, makes a sorry mess of Jonathan Edwards, Mark Twain, and Theodore Dreiser, to name only three authors whom his eyes were not built to see. "Emerson achieved nakedness," he insists with some pleasure. There is the trouble. I like clothes, too, even when they are absurd and awry.

MARK VAN DOREN

The Complete Die-Hard

England. By the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. The Modern World Series. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.

DEAN INGE has for many years enjoyed distinction as a churchman and a scholar. Recently, however, he has deserted the mystics, whose thought he interpreted so admirably, and has devoted some part of his talents to journalism. In this field he has struck and assiduously exploited a very profitable vein. His specialty is gloom—prophetic gloom. He essays to be the Jeremiah of the British Empire, bewailing its lost glories and prophesying its downfall; but, unlike his ancient prototype, he is not stoned by his fellow-countrymen. There is no martyrdom coming to him, unless the enthusiastic approval of the *Daily Mail* be counted as such; only generous royalties. For the English have always rewarded and honored those who tell them they are degenerate and their country going to the dogs.

In this newest addition to the Modern World Series the Dean sets out to give a picture of England today as he sees it. His artistic methods are simple and sweeping. He has no use for half-tones. In the center of his picture is an oak-tree. It has been a splendid tree in its time, but now it is looking distinctly wilted. Round the trunk and reaching into the upper branches climb parasitic plants, nasty poisonous-looking things. The biggest of these is an insidious red creeper labeled Syndicalist Trade Unionism. Another plant with luxuriant, gaudy foliage is indicated as Roman Catholicism, while a third bears an unmistakable resemblance to the shamrock. Round the base of the tree and gnawing busily at its roots is an army of repellent-looking animals, instantly recognizable as of Russian origin. A little to one side is another tree—a very curious specimen. It apparently began life as an oak, but it has somehow turned into a hybrid unlike any other tree in the world. It is very healthy, nevertheless, with a profusion of golden leaves, and it is growing so rapidly that, although younger than the oak, it is considerably higher and is robbing its neighbor of light and air. In the background of this tragic picture is the setting sun trailing clouds of glory; the foreground, in strong contrast, consists simply of a deep, deep black shadow. In creating this masterpiece the Dean has made no pretense of an objective approach. "I have tried," he says in his preface, "to be candid; I have made no attempt whatever to be impartial." And indeed he hasn't!

His main thesis is that England is tottering to her fall because of "the anti-social and unpatriotic sectionalism which is the curse of industrial civilization." So far it is possible, if not to agree, at least to sympathize. "'Unpatriotic sectionalism" is a phrase that might cover a multitude of sinners—coal owners, for instance. But one soon realizes that the section offensive to the Dean is nothing less than the whole British working class. Since 1880 or thereabouts they have deteriorated rapidly. Their days are spent, not in honest toil but, egged on by those who are plotting the ruin of industry, in contriving ingenious methods of ca'canny and sabotage. They have their political enfranchisement to hold the propertied class to ransom, securing for themselves all manner of doles and pensions. They are reluctant to emigrate (and so relieve the pressure of population at home) "while a grateful country provides them with the means of leading a parasitic existence battening on the rates and taxes." They breed like rabbits while the "better stocks" are so burdened that they have almost ceased to reproduce.

It is true that at one point the Dean relents slightly. The average worker is not, in himself, anti-social. He is "a good natured, humorous, kindly, and sensible fellow." But that is irrelevant, because "the syndicalist leaders" ("syndicalist" is a favorite abusive adjective with the Dean; it covers apparently every kind of radical leader from Philip Snowden to Lenin) "have made the discovery that the opinions of the vast unconscious mass need not be taken into account." These leaders will be amazed to learn that they hold the workers to their sinister purposes by the exercise of an "iron discipline." They are the more easily able to do so because "the army of rebellion" includes, in addition to the unconscious mass of decent working men, a horde of the submerged—"a large number of degenerates who might have been eliminated under ruder social conditions but who are now encouraged to live and multiply. Some of these are imbecile, neurotic, half-insane; others are chronic invalids; others are psychopaths with some morbid strain in their character." This formidable force is led by "renegades from the ranks of civilization. These leaders are often brilliant men with a fatal moral and mental twist, really insane, but with a frightful method in their madness."

I have quoted this description of the British labor movement because it illustrates perfectly the turgid depths to which the Dean can fall when he forgets that he is a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. One cannot argue with the Dean for he lives in too remote a world; one can only be a little sorry for him. His primary grudge is against heaven, which decreed that he should be born into a twentieth-century civilization equipped with an excellent but entirely out-of-date mind. How happy he might have been as an eminent ecclesiastic of the first Georgian era! Then there was none of this silly talk about democracy; industrialism had not yet cast its shadow and per-

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verted the proletariat by cheapening the luxuries which were the prerogative of the wealthy and well born; Americans were still colonists and of no account at that. What a pleasant world! Society was an efficient and well-oiled mechanism and there was no need for a dean to neglect his cloistered studies to point out what was wrong with the works.

Dean Inge is so completely overwhelmed by his prejudices that although he is terribly in earnest his book cannot be taken as a serious contribution to current politics. As a revelation of the complete die-hard it is indeed worth skimming. As an attempt to carry out the purposes of the Modern World Series it is nonsense. One must regret that the editor and the publishers of the series, which has included some admirable volumes, should have been tempted by a big name to lower their standards.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Mr. Mencken's Best

Prejudices: Fifth Series. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

Notes on Democracy. By H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

MR. MENCKEN has achieved, in spite of himself, more than a measure of popularity. To admire him ceased, several years ago, to confer distinction, and accordingly all those who would rather be wrong than go with the crowd ceased to admire. It has become smart to say that he is overrated; it is merely to call him great; and yet the fact remains that he has grown steadily in strength and that he is, today, one of the very few writers America has produced—grotesque, of course, but with as good a right as Mark Twain ever had to be so if such is his nature. With the content of the two present volumes—the one a collection of short pieces upon very varied subjects, the other a Rabelaisian disquisition which begins with a delighted analysis of the moral and intellectual depravity of the average man and proceeds to a rapturous account of the absurdities of our national political life—I have no immediate concern; but with their manner I have, for it is Mr. Mencken at his very fine best.

This style of his seems easy to imitate. Many have imagined that they had caught the knack when they had sprinkled their pages with a few favorite words like "bilge" and "gaudy" and with perhaps a phrase or two from the German as well; but imitation Mencken is very sorry stuff indeed, and the reason is simply that from the diverse and apparently base elements which make up his style he has forged a weapon—sword or bludgeon—which only he can wield. Menckenese is not something to be put on or discarded at will but, instead, like every true style, the perfect expression of a mind and temper. It is not sufficient to have the desire to share his popularity or even the willingness to slash as he slashes. To write like him one would have to have, in addition, his thoughts and his feelings; one would have to share his exuberant interest in the contemporary scene and catch at the same time the glad irresponsibility which enables him to find in fools nothing but amusement; one would have, in a word, not merely to imitate or admire but actually to *be* Mencken.

And hardest of all to catch would be the joyousness of his polemic. "Bitter" is the adjective which has been chosen to describe on the jacket the book on democracy, but it is just one of the most essential of his characteristics that he is never near enough to frustration to be bitter. The words flow so freely and the epithets are so adequate that emotion is purged away and he is, as a writer, too triumphant to be bitter. Damn him up, take away his superlative gift of words, make him feel that his contempt was greater than he could express, and he would grow savage; but as long as his language does not fail vituperation will keep him sweet and laughter, not rage, will continue to be the fundamental note of his work. Every fresh outrage to sense which he can discover adds to the hilarity of his mood because it furnishes another occasion to which he knows he can rise. The worse things can be shown to be the more obvious are his high spirits, and thus, to him, even democracy is justified by its absurdity. Of Bryan's failure to get himself elected President he says:

> Dulness has got into the White House, and the smell of cabbage boiling, but there is at least nothing to compare to the intolerable buffoonery that went on in Tennessee. The President of the United States may be an ass, but at least he doesn't believe that the earth is square. The Golden Text is not painted weekly on the White House wall, and there is no need to keep ambassadors waiting while Pastor Simpson of Smythville prays for rain in the Blue Room. We have escaped something—by a narrow margin but still we escaped.

One wonders if he is really glad.

My case must rest ultimately upon a quotation, and I choose one—from the In Memoriam on Bryan in the "Prejudices"—which is quieter than much of Mr. Mencken's writing. It has its touches of the grotesque but it does not depend upon them alone. In it, besides the humor, is the steady march of great prose: the quiet, confident progression which is the mark of the strong writer who knows his strength. Of its kind it is as fine as anything written in America. Here it is:

> There was something peculiarly fitting in the fact that his last days were spent in a one-horse Tennessee village, and that death found him there. The man felt at home in such simple and Christian scenes. He liked people who sweated freely, and were not debauched by the refinements of the toilet. Making his progress up and down the Main Street of little Dayton, surrounded by gaping primates from the upper valleys of the Cumberland Range, his coat laid aside, his bare arms and hairy chest shining damply, his bald head sprinkled with dust—so accoutred and on display he was obviously happy. He liked getting up early in the morning, to the tune of cocks crowing on the dunghill. He liked the heavy, greasy victuals of the farmhouse kitchen. He liked country lawyers, country pastors, all country people. He liked country sounds and country smells. I believe this liking was sincere—perhaps the only sincere thing in the man. . . . The simian gabble of the cross-roads was not gabble to him, but wisdom of an occult and superior sort. . . . And toward the end, as he gradually forsook mundane politics for more ghostly concerns, they began to elevate him in their hierarchy. When he died he was the peer of Abraham. His old enemy, Wilson, aspiring to the same white and shining robe, came down with a thump. But Bryan made the grade. His place in Tennessee hagiography is secure. If the village barber saved any of his hair, then it is curing gall-stones down there today.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

State and Government

The Modern State. By R. M. MacIver. Oxford University Press. $7.

NO student of political science can afford to leave this book unread. It presents, in reasonable limits, an admirable and suggestive view of the whole range of problems raised by the modern state; and there are few of them, indeed, upon which it has not something wise to say. I am tempted, indeed, to say that there has been no book quite like it since T. H. Green. It lacks something of the latter's superb moral insight; and it does not dig so deeply. But it has breadth, learning, and clarity. It is written in an interesting style, and it has the great quality of raising the ultimate questions in a significant way. Were I a university president (there is no danger of the event) who desired to have political philosophy taught in the grand style, I should not leave Professor MacIver long at Toronto.

The period since the war has seen a large effort at the revision of accepted notions in political science. In almost every country there have arisen groups of thinkers who insist that the complex of powers summarized under the name of sovereignty cannot be thought of in the old way. Its defenders have retorted

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with vehemence; and the debate has now assumed formidable proportions. Professor MacIver may be said to occupy a middle position between the contestants. On the one hand he insists on the unique position of the state as a legal fact; on the other he admits that this is a historical category subject to change in a changing world. His method is to trace the development of the state through the historic period, to seek from its history the clue to its powers and functions, to discuss the bearing of form and organization on its purpose and operation, and finally to explain what he believes to be the truth in the present chaos of conflicting opinions.

Roughly, his position is somewhat as follows. He will have nothing to do with the equation of state and society. The state is an organ of the community the function of which is to maintain "the universal external conditions of social order" by means of coercive power. It has the authority necessary to this end, but no more. It is not sovereign in the sense of being omnicompetent. Other bodies are as original and real as itself; and, like them, it is dependent upon the opinion of its members for its well-being. The order it maintains does not mean merely the absence of violence. It is an order which embodies the protection and development of personality; all, accordingly, that affects these comes within the sphere of the state. Professor MacIver discusses the mechanisms it requires for this purpose; and he concludes, broadly, in favor of representative democracy based upon the party system as the most useful and satisfactory. He denies that the state is merely power. He will have nothing to do with theories of contract. The state for him is the agent of society in the creation of rights; and he faces the dilemma of how a power which creates rights can itself have obligations by arguing that behind the state is the community, and that it is the common interest of the latter which gives the state-power its nourishment. The community, in other words, as the source of organization gives to all its instruments the value which enables them to live. The state has high value, but upon the grim condition of deserving it. Its power is subjective, is set by men's opinions, and is not independent of them. The more the state lives by winning their allegiance, the greater its power, because the greater thereby is the unity of society.

Much of Professor MacIver's thesis I should venture to indorse from a different angle. I see no reason why anyone should respect the state as such; it is entitled to my allegiance only by what it shows itself able to perform. I am entitled to judge it, and, if need be, to condemn it, because, in the last analysis, it lives neither for nor to itself but to me. The great merit, as I see it, of Professor MacIver's book is that it states the results of what it is now customary to call the pluralists in sociological terms. If I indicate some difficulties that I feel, these are rather problems upon which I am anxious for enlightenment as to Professor MacIver's views than attacks upon his position. I cannot, in the first place, understand what he means by words and phrases like "solidarity" or "common interest"; I see no unity of any kind in society except what is put there by men, and I see none possible of achievement except by a complete reconstruction of the foundations of the present order.

Professor MacIver seems to me to write as though there is somehow a unity in society which a force called "progress" or "evolution" is unfolding; I cannot see that this is so. In the second place, he seems to me to use the term "state" where a political scientist would often replace it by "government"; and in those instances the functions he attributes to the state seem to me to bear much less real relation to the facts than he admits. And, as a corollary to this view, he seems to lay far too little emphasis upon the importance in the social order of the system of property. It is, in fact, from the rights annexed to property that a social order takes its color. Society may make its impact upon the state; but the state also makes society, and the whole process of life is set in the context of what its property-system implies. Rights, for instance, which Professor MacIver admits the state exists to maintain are always, in fact, relative to property, whether it is freedom of discussion, equality before the courts, or a living wage that is involved. The result of unequal property is, accordingly, that the state exists actually to protect unequal rights and in "maintaining the universal conditions of social order" it is, again in fact, maintaining unequal rights. This is the great truth in the communist answer to the classical political philosophy. There is a real sense in which the modern state is substantially the "executive committee of the capitalist class." To those of us who believe that the present system involves the class-war as its inherent logic, this aspect of the problem is urgent, and needs more discussion than Professor MacIver has devoted to it.

HAROLD J. LASKI

Seeing Things

A Million and One Nights: The History of the Motion Picture. By Terry Ramsay. Simon and Schuster. Two volumes. $10.

NOT so long ago when you lived in Cairo (Ill.) or Brazil (Ind.) you had to content your desire for the play with attendance at heart-rending performances of "Hamlet" or "The Minister's Sweetheart" given by incidental traveling companies dignified with the poetic name of hams. Now you can live in Carthage (Ind.) or Centralia (Mo.) and observe the Fall of Babylon or the domestic habits of pythons or "This Side of Paradise" or the other side of Dante's "Inferno" or the impressive public appearance of Calvin Coolidge in a silk hat. It is all the fault of the moving pictures that dull lives witness the blood-lust of romance and go on vicarious gal to the uttermost parts of the sea and watch Douglas Fairb take himself seriously as a black pirate.

It is common enough to find deep-browed intellectuals who deny art to the moving pictures and weep for the glad times when little children read the complete works of Charles Dickens instead of shivering at the great stone face of William Hart They protest that people no longer read books or go to the theater. They get as much shocked at the scandalous private lives of Hollywood mummers as the good Elizabethan burghers got shocked at the abuses of the theater and the ribaldries of the Mermaid Tavern. They see Douglas Fairbanks turn the Three Musketeers into acrobats or read that "Cyprienne" is to be called "Don't Tell the Wife"; and they go away quite angry. They believe ingenuously that the public which now adores so many silly movies really *did* read Shakespeare and Meredith once upon a time. They love the blood-boltered Elizabethan dramatists and refuse to be serious about "The Perils of Pauline" or "The Iron Claw" or "The Exploits of Elaine" or the other heart-shuddering serials of the golden age

The most casual glance at Mr. Ramsay's pages will of course prove the intellectual's case against the motion picture industry, but also it may remind him that at its best the motion picture does what no book or play or picture can ever do. It can show action in visible terms of motion; and ever if it can not plumb the soul or write blank verse it can body forth panorama and landscape and mountain range and medieval battle and the unhappy lives of Keystone cops on a scale and magnificence impossible in the theater. It may be no more than gesture and pantomime; and yet "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" is just as grisly and artistic as Poe's "Mask of the Red Death" and the Babylon episodes in "Intolerance" and the sea-fight in "Cabiria" dazzle the eye and rouse the blood to an excitement at least as great as the best pages of Dumas and Tolstoi That is the final argument for the art of the movies. I for one am merely bored by Mr. Ramsay's multitudinous references to every lawsuit and personal interview and salary contract that ever happened for the past fifty years. It is much more chronology than it is history. It is amusing enough, and often Mr. Ramsay is extremely funny and penetrating, but it is too choked with heaped facts like faggots piled up to hide the face of a cathedral. It tells everything and thereby it does

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not tell enough. It is a mine of information; but I wish that some one would analyze fully the change which has come over American motion pictures since the golden age of the crook serials to the bourgeois morality which now dominates the screen.

No one can deny all the bloated finance and corruption and evil which have festered in the motion pictures just as they fester in any art where the producer or publisher wants artists to serve as pimps to the lowest grade of public taste. No one has suffered more than I have suffered from uncounted spectacles of incredible dulness and silliness. Yet I cannot see why the average novel or play or biography is any less corrupt and imbecile than the average motion picture. What else can you expect in an art accessible to everybody? What else can you hope for in a land of sumptuary laws and democratic ideals of art? That is no argument against "Intolerance" or "Peter the Great" or "The Last Laugh" or "The Mark of Zorro" any more than Harold Bell Wright is an argument against Theodore Dreiser. After all, to read even the best pages of "War and Peace" is not quite the same thing as *seeing* those terrible battle pictures in the "Birth of a Nation." It is one function of every great novelist to make you *see*. I think the artist himself would be the last person to deny the virtue of an alien art which can do things he cannot do and show so poignantly all the gestures of visible life caught in the net of passionate action.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Mr. Eddison's Second

-biorn the Strong. By E. R. Eddison. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.

SOMETHING of the elder Norse hung over the battles of "The Worm Ouroboros"; here we have it neat in the author's own saga built up on the fragments of information available concerning the great son and nephew of the Swede-Kings Olaf and Eric, who lived, harried, and gloriously died in twenty years of the tenth century. The first and least thing which the reader notes is a manner of discourse: how the writer reproduces the tones and cadences of the bards, talking their talk without accent or self-consciousness the while he pictures for modern readers scenes, looks into subtleties of motive and character, as to which through use or indifference those ancients might have remained silent. More important in itself than with reference to any such standard is this astounding prose, changing hue with its changing subjects, flashing here and there with half-forgotten words which, like steel that for a while has rested, have thereby a keener edge; the word, moreover, the phrase, the incident, held back, timed, balanced, then thrown unerringly where it inevitably belongs and utterly realizes its value.

That is method only, but this, a small book, is a spacious legend. If, as may be, Mr. Eddison is oppressed by the petty and transitory, he will not do it the honor of an offended reproduction in his pages. If of the figures—virtuous or evil—that stalk through those pages too few by our experience are meanly so or unworthy a share of their creator's love, he errs on the neglected side, and we have need of more who are acquainted with nobility, to remind us of its lineaments. But hastily be it said that these are men and women of flesh and blood, and violent, headstrong, proud, or surly enough in all conscience to satisfy all demands of the current realism save that one rejected.

"A strange unlucky tale," full of the sea and the vikings' ships and the tall, arrogant, eager, figure of Styrbiorn drawing love and hate from every hand, shining in the light and at last, to a curious wrench of the heart, darkened by the dust of Fyrisfield: to a wrench for whose pain one is somehow jealous to the point of rejecting and regretting the comfort of the magnificent final picture, Valhalla. Mr. Eddison himself has written elsewhere: "I have known Juss and Gorice for some 35 years; Styrbiorn, etc., only 25." Few minds could have afforded space at once for more than the vast round conception of "The Worm," and "Stybiorn the Strong" is distinguished where that, it is submitted, was great. But distinguished it is, and of a royal breed apart.

In a handsome volume one regrets only the fewness of Keith Henderson's designs, their reproduction without a credit line, and the anonymous anachronism of Arthurian knights in panoply on the jacket.

ABBE NILES

Fremont Older and Jack Black

My Own Story. By Fremont Older. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

You Can't Win. By Jack Black. The Macmillan Company. $2.

IN San Francisco they tell you that Fremont Older first moved heaven and earth to get Abe Ruef into the penitentiary, and then moved earth and heaven in a vain effort to get him out. Now, they add, Fremont Older rarely sits down to a meal without having some ex-convicts at the table. At this point the tales diverge, one man telling you that Older is a dangerous anarchist and another insisting that he is one of the saints of democracy.

In "My Own Story" Mr. Older tells how he developed from "a young man with a nose for news" into a self-righteous crusader bent on throwing grafters into jail, and how, finally, he developed into that gentler being who said: "I shall never forget the morning that Ruef started for the penitentiary. All the bitterness and hatred of all the years of pursuit came into my mind to reproach me. I thought, 'Is this success or is it utter failure? Is this a real victory or an appalling defeat? After all the years of mad pursuit, is this the harvest? The imprisonment and branding of one poor, miserable, helpless human being.'"

To this ramping Western editor long accustomed to wielding a newspaper as a spiked club there came, then, a vision such as came to Francis of Assisi when he met the leper, or such as came to the man-hunter on the road to Damascus. But instead of founding a monastic order or a new religion Mr. Older began, with that "nose for news" still guiding him, to make his newspaper a confessional where the poor and broken and outcast told their stories to all San Francisco. There, after some years, he joined them with his own story, which, after becoming part of the legend of San Francisco and being read with eagerness in a limited edition by students of journalism and politics, is now a book for the public.

The rise in California of the Progressive movement which resulted in Hiram Johnson's governorship and senatorship is told in "My Own Story," as it was the prosecution of Abe Ruef, the San Francisco boss, which brought to a head the indignation resulting in the successful drive of 1910 against the Southern Pacific's political domination of the State. There are many famous names in this portion of the story. Scheming, manipulating, hating, electioneering, lambasting scorch the pages. Not earthquake, not fire, could halt the ruthless charge of Mr. Older and his crusading associates, nor could the corruption they fought be checked by the ruin of a city. Here the tale moves like a whirlwind against a background of conflagration.

Turning from the relatively respectable political world, in the latter portion of his book Mr. Older tells story after story of burglars, dope fiends, women of the streets, of their agonies and clutchings after happiness, and, only too often, of their failure to be anything in the end but what some strange twist of soul had made them from the beginning. But Mr. Older does not walk in this museum of the underworld like a Barnum pointing out freaks. He loves and sympathizes with each one of these distorted creatures.

One of the outcasts was Jack Black, whom Older found he could not classify with other criminals he had known, declaring: "He is in a class by himself. That is why he is so interesting." When Older first met Black, the latter had lain six years in a San Francisco jail, neglected and forgotten because the records of his case had been burned in the great fire of 1906. Black

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was under sentence of twenty-five years for highway robbery, and so did not press his case. If he got out of the jail he would go to the penitentiary, so why bother? But he was given his chance to reform, and he reformed. For years now he has been librarian of the paper of which Mr. Older is editor, the San Francisco *Call*.

"You Can't Win" is a story told, as Robert Herrick says in the foreword, by a man who has "an instinct for realities." Jack Black tells his tale straight on, marching with a firm tread and with very little sentimentalizing through an account of highway robberies, safe-crackings where his fellow-yegg was killed by pursuers, penitentiary horrors, violent deaths by accident in boxcars and by murder beside jungle campfires, and opium dens. The tale takes hold of the teller and he sweeps along, never asking whether this or that incident will help or hinder the propaganda of his friends, the prison reformers. But despite the fascination of these picaresque adventurings, the most nobly exciting thing in the book is the revelation it gives of the unbreakable spirit of Jack Black himself. Here is a man tramping the most devious byways, but always with his head held up and his spirit firm within him. There is no moral to the tale save that some souls are strong, unquenchably so.

R. L. BURGESS

What Price Happiness?

Memories of a Happy Life. By William Lawrence. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

THIS book is aptly named; Bishop Lawrence has had "a happy life." Born to the purple, raised to the lawn, heir of wealth, culture, social standing, dowered with physical health, personal charm, a good mind, successful as the world counts success, companion of the great and powerful, now coming to life's close with

> . . . that which should accompany old age,
> As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,

what wonder that the Bishop confesses he has been "blessed beyond measure."

Were this the life-story of any other than a distinguished Christian leader, we should read it with joy, perhaps with envy, certainly with admiration. Bishop Lawrence found his appointed work early, and has labored at it diligently through more than fifty years. His chief thought has always been his diocese, and in this vineyard he has brought forth abundant harvests. Outside he has been busy also, raising the Harvard Endowment and the Church Pension Funds, sitting on innumerable boards and committees, participating in public affairs of large importance, traveling widely for business as well as pleasure. This man has been no idler.

But—fatal word!—there is something wrong. What is it if not a complacency, not with himself and his work, for the Bishop is a modest man, but with the world in which his lot has been so happily cast? What right has any religious leader to be on the whole so contented with things as they are, to adapt himself so easily to the wealth and power of his time, to move so easily among politicians (Henry Cabot Lodge), millionaires (J. P. Morgan), kings (Edward VII), to be so conspicuously a member of a class and that the upper class of such a society as ours? There have been great labor troubles in the Bishop's day—one unforgettable strike in his own feudal barony (Lawrence, Massachusetts)—but, barring a few casual lines, they are not mentioned. There have been vast political struggles for larger freedom and fuller life for the people but they do not intrude upon this world. There have been three wars—and they are received as natural, even glorious events, and valorously supported. Not since the fall of Rome has there been such a rocking of the social fabric, such a challenge to civilization, as in this age—yet one feels scarce a tremor in this narrative.

Bishop Lawrence has lived a happy life primarily because he has adapted himself successfully to his narrow, highly prosperous, perfectly protected social group. He has accepted the world as good because it has been good to him. Christian leaders have not always been so conventional, and not always therefore so "happy."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

A Philosophical Poem

Love-life in Nature. By Wilhelm Bölsche. A. and C. Boni. Two volumes. $10.

PROPHECY is doubly an act of daring. The prophet must be strong in the loneliness of his vision; but courage also is required of him who has heard the seer, and will cry "Lo! it is here. The day is come!" Santayana, finally evaluating Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe, beheld them fulfilled in a fourth philosophical poet who would add Goethe's immediate sense of human experience to the Roman poet's conception of nature, and who would comprehend in a cosmic epic man's fullest knowledge of the universe, and the widest diversity of human values. "Throw open to the young poet the infinity of nature: let him feel the precariousness of life, the variety of purposes, civilizations, and religions even upon this little planet; let him trace the triumphs and follies of art and philosophy, and their perpetual resurrection." Should that poet have genius, "a taste for the world in which he lived and a clean view of it," he might write the great poem of Nature, having the double insight of Lucretius and Goethe. He could "reconstruct the shattered picture of the world. He should live in the continual presence of all experience and respect it; he should at the same time understand nature, the ground of that experience and he should also have a delicate sense for the ideal ec of his own passions, and for all the colors of his possible h ness." Wilhelm Bölsche is this poet, and "Love-life in Natu is the great philosophical poem of naturalism.

"De Amorum Natura." That title reveals the altered metaphysical perspective. Lucretius wrote of the things of nature, dead bits of "solid singleness," the atoms that in their local and universal movement produced mechanically the changing aspects of substance. It is the procession of these changes that Lucretius draws upon his canvas. This is a picture for Democritus and Newton, but not for Darwin. Biology and psychology have gone beyond the old physics, have added to the picture in terms which are not incompatible but which rather enlarge and transform it. The treatment of the great suns and stellar systems, of the earth and of all that is thereon, as organisms which have been formed from other organisms, as living beings which have a pattern of growth and decay, and a force to recreate new forms—this is the metaphysical outlook of our age, based in the biological sciences. It is of all Nature thus conceived that Bölsche writes, and he has chosen as his central theme the fact of love which is present in all natural life as the fact of creation and recreation, love in the sense of life itself governed by its essence, yearning to live and increase life.

Bölsche has written this epic, as Lucretius did, with the concrete panorama forever in the foreground; never, on the other hand, blurring the magnificently clear outlines of the whole. But in the two thousand years between them more has changed than viewpoint. Lucretius had to learn only what Democritus and Epicurus could teach; but Bölsche faced, and has mastered, the incomparably greater task of rendering the vaster store of our knowledge of the universe and of man in a coherent form, not only accurate before scientific standards but throughout transcending mere investigation and reasoning in the achievement of insight, or what Santayana calls "theory—a steady contemplation of all things in their order and worth." It is for this reason that Bölsche is a philosophical poet, having turned "his practical and passionate imagination on the order of all things, or on anything in the light of the whole." The fullest enumeration would fail to indicate the diversity of the particulars which Bölsche has informed with the significance of order. Perhaps it will suffice to say that

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he has employed the materials afforded him by astronomy, astral physics, physical chemistry, bio-chemistry, geology, paleontology, all of the biological sciences, cytology, protozoology, genetics, embryology, psychology, and anthropology. This survey is no mere gesture in the direction of science. The facts are numberless. On the other hand, Bölsche never loses his fundamental philosophical attitude. "The material that science gives us," he says, "is absolutely free. All you have to do is accept it. What use you make of it is your own affair."

But even more than that. The poet of our civilization must encompass not only its knowledge but its wisdom and its art, especially if his theme be Nature, for man and all his works cannot be divorced from the main currents of life. Human culture cannot be reported as science can, by inventory of fact. It must be reflected as in the "Divine Comedy." "Love-life in Nature" succeeds here, catching the values of art and philosophy in its cosmic network, and making them luminous with the meaning of the whole.

The reader can be instructed here only in the most general structure of the work. Like a great symphony it plays myriad variations upon a few inescapable motifs. The opening theme is the dominant, the evolution of love-life, of organic form and creative force, from the day-fly, to use Bölsche's metaphor, to the Madonna. The elements later to be encountered are here intimated. Succeeding sections develop the outlines of this epic story of the growth of worlds within worlds, always keeping the meaning of human love as the focal point of the vision, and enriching that meaning by the accumulated force of factual reiteration in endless variety of detail. The method Bölsche employs in doing this is that of a kaleidoscope. He brings picture after picture into view without obvious arrangement and yet the sequence moves onward to the final completed view in ever-broadening circles of comprehension.

Mr. Cyril Brown's translation suggests the passion and sweep that the original German prose must possess with even greater dignity. Bölsche through 1,400 pages is in conversation with his reader concerning love, and the exposition always maintains the personal directness of that manner. Even more extraordinary is the way in which complicated metaphors are elaborated, with clear accurate imagery sustained for pages. It is this power which enables Bölsche to substitute the magnifications of light-imagery for the microscope, and to throw immense spaces into defined perspective. Without suffering confusion or aimlessness, the reader travels through æons of time, through stellar distances, and to all nooks and crannies of the terrestrial globe, and witnesses the wildly superabundant variegation of life upon this planet in all of the concrete phases of its cyclical manifestation.

This is undoubtedly a great work. To evaluate it thoroughly either as a work of art or as a philosophical expression would require more extended criticism. Enough if to Bölsche's prospective readers it be suggested that here is an epic over whose composition the spirits of Plato, Lucretius, Spinoza, Goethe, Schopenhauer, and Darwin must have presided.

MORTIMER J. ADLER

Below Par

Congress: An Explanation. By Robert Luce. Harvard University Press. $1.50.

THE substance of this book, originally prepared as a series of five lectures on the Godkin Foundation at Harvard, may not inaptly be characterized as a plea of confession and avoidance. Surveying the everyday work of Congress from the standpoint of an experienced member of the House of Representatives, Mr. Luce does not seem to go far beyond asking the reader: "What would you do if the job were yours?" Congress, he tells us at the outset, "is not to any material extent an originating body," far the larger part of the bills that come before it being prepared by, or in response to the wishes of, interests or departments which want this or that done. It could not well be much of an originating body, however, even if it so desired, since the aggregate of its knowledge is hardly sufficient to compass all that the public or the interests want, while to pass expert judgment upon the details of all that is asked would be impossible. Debate on the floor is grievously restricted, what is said by members at public hearings is largely for public consumption, and the real work is done in committees behind closed doors, where inconspicuous members shine; but the calendar is overcrowded, the really important committees are swamped, and amendments carried in open session are, on the average, few in number and of no great consequence.

Mr. Luce enumerates the arguments in favor of a budget system mainly to refute them, but he nevertheless believes in the system, defends Congress against the charge of extravagance, shows how many formalities must be complied with before the lid of the pork barrel can be lifted, and insists that the real struggle for economy is between the President and the department officials. For none of these shortcomings does there appear to be an assured remedy, although Mr. Luce, like a number of other writers who seem still to feel the spell of Gamaliel Bradford, thinks it worth while to discant upon the possible advantages of seating Cabinet members in either house. The book is full of information, but it does not dispel the conviction that while the average quality of members of Congress may perhaps be as high today as ever, as Mr. Luce feels confident that it is, their efficiency as a legislature is a long way below par.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Disraeli and Gladstone

Benjamin Disraeli. By Sir Edward Clarke. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Disraeli and Gladstone. By D. C. Somervell. George H. Doran Company. $3.50.

WHILE few Englishmen will agree with Sir Edward Clarke that his hero was "the greatest Englishman who was born and died in the nineteenth century," most will admit that Disraeli was the most romantic figure in the drab politics of that century. The long official biography of the statesman-novelist will be read in America only by expert historians, but many readers may be found for this vivid and entertaining story of the young Jew who, by sheer dint of ability and persistence, forced himself into the leadership of the Conservative Party, remodeled its policy, set the nation on its imperialist career, and won the heart of Queen Victoria and the almost abject veneration of the aristocracy of England. The political struggles and issues will be of little interest to most readers in comparison with the problem of personality—the combination here of an extravagant fop and poseur with an enthusiast and tireless toiler in the art of political intrigue and management.

A radical, a Chartist in his early sympathies, and the author of "Sybil," a truly revolutionary novel, Disraeli never shed the sort of sentimental socialism of his youthful outlook, but simply allowed it to be displaced by new enthusiasms better accommodated to the conveniences of his career. The passages here chosen from his speeches to illustrate his extraordinary vigor and felicity of expression go far to explain the mastery of the House of Commons he attained in a period when oratory was less suspect than now. He spoke for hours upon intricate issues without a note, but with careful preparation and with lively sallies of wit and invective. Less verbose than his great opponent, Gladstone, his utterances better stand the test of time, and Sir Edward Clarke can rightly claim for them that they contain a better and fuller exposition of modern British Conservatism than can be found elsewhere. There was private romance as well as political in Disraeli's life, and we have here a delightful picture of his happy married life with an elderly wife, together with the extraordinary philandering of his later years.

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In Mr. Somervell's brilliant duo-biography Americans will find all the essential facts of the public careers of the great Mid-Victorian antagonists, with some penetrating glances at their strangely contrasted characters. How the "rising hope of the stern unbending Tories" became the accepted leader of British liberalism for thirty years without shedding any of his deeper conservative convictions, and how the dandiacal Jew radical novelist obtained an ascendancy over the aristocratic conservatives of England which passed into worship and is still enshrined in "Primrose Day"—this pair of paradoxes furnishes a most illuminating commentary upon what upon the surface seems the haphazard opportunism of British politics. Gladstone was *au fait* a moralist and preacher, Disraeli an actor-artist, and each found a place for his peculiar gifts in the least expected quarter. Disraeli's was the more extraordinary achievement, Gladstone's the more serviceable. Each had remarkable intellectual powers, but Disraeli's wit gives a higher survival value to his utterances. Even in the realm of literature Disraeli's "Sybil," and perhaps his "Coningsby," will live, whereas the volumes upon Homer and theology which occupied Gladstone's leisure never achieved more than a passing *succès d'estime*.

J. A. Hobson

Man versus Nature

The Book of Marriage. Arranged and Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5.

"IN every society, its civilization is the territory conquered in its contest with nature." So Tagore writes in his contribution to this polyphonic symphony of Count Keyserling. "It seems that in the age which has now come upon us, man is giving up the desperate hope of victoriously maintaining this constant struggle. He would now make his peace with Nature—and that duty has been intrusted to science. But the marriage system of every society belongs to an age when, in the parliament of life, man was sitting on the opposition benches against Nature's government. And Nature has ever retaliated against his obstructive tactics. Thus far they have nowhere come to any satisfactory agreement. That is why these ubiquitous attempts at the external regulation of man's most intimate relations have been insulting his best feelings and degrading the greatest of his institutions, all over the world."

The majority of the contributors to this symposium are still sitting on the opposition benches against Nature's government. For although their task was supposedly to locate marriage in Time and Space and so necessarily involved a description of the various attempts at regulation made by different peoples at different times, this task was dealt out to them by a very active director of the polyphonic orchestra, who, among other things, writes in his letters patent that "in spite of its polyphonic modulations . . . the entire work is attuned . . . and should always return," and who therefore furnished his collaborators with his definition of the "conventional marriage" to which it should return. "By 'conventional marriage' I mean, in accordance with its original and correct sense, marriage as the body of a specific ethos, the ethos of a definite cultural order, of a definite 'standing' in the cosmos." Who further illuminates his definition by interesting sidelights like the following: "The possibility of remarrying every year ruins marriage much more fundamentally than even the most frequent practice of adultery, for the latter does not at all affect marriage as such, but only offends against certain of its components, whereas divorce lays an ax at its roots. . . . Adultery existed all through the ages and was never looked upon as a real danger to marriage, in spite of the stringent protective and deterrent measures that were continually in force, for good reasons of their own; whereas facilitating divorce does seriously threaten marriage." Who asserts that "man is a human being only if he conquers Nature by spirit," and who sees in Nature's retaliations upon man for his obstructive tactics chiefly a superb opportunity for the practice of that renunciation through which alone, he believes, man can attain full spiritual development, though he concedes that "there is no need to marry in order merely to gratify one's passions. Whoever does so sins against himself as a human being."

There is also to be considered Marriage as an Eternal Problem, and I advise any reader who may find himself staggering faintly through Time and Space to persevere until he reaches this section. For though it is full of contradictions, of non sequiturs and of unscientific dogma, it is its great merit that it touches, sooner or later, on every complexity of this subject so overwhelmingly interesting to the modern man, or let us say the cultivated man, since marriage becomes a problem in proportion as personality develops. "The person who feels inclined to live on a plane too high for him becomes a dangerous fool," Jung observes in a particularly thoughtful essay. Havelock Ellis discusses Love as an Art and various psychologists discuss love as a science. So discord is allowed to function in our polyphonic symphony, but it recurs to its credo that sensual desire is the poorest possible basis for a successful marriage, and the nays have it.

Probably with justice, completely as the average modern may disagree with the particular steps that here lead to nihilism. For suppose the act of sexual union were to be considered so much more important than the institution built about its fragility that the latter must be dissolved when it no longer functioned naturally and happily, suppose the spirit were considered more important than the word, suppose, in short, man moved freely from one love to another—how many people would be hardy enough to endure being thrust out naked into the world after each new experience? Obviously the emotional focus that marriage supplies fills so universal a need that if the institution were destroyed today we could expect a new one very like it to take its place tomorrow. It has, in fact, so many mundane justifications that it hardly needs the mystical ones offered by these philosophers, who are perhaps confusing the case for those simple souls, after all the majority in every country, who accept with a literalness—that leads to even greater suffering than the vagaries of the human heart would naturally entail—postulates meant for philosophical consumption. For after all these gentlemen do not mean that man should contend too fanatically with nature; only that he should continue to maintain, at whatever cost, the appearance of contending. The women contributors, being, as a sex, new to thought and experience, are all for honesty and courage, for making their peace with Nature. When they have once looked full in that face, they too may recur to a form within whose walls their hesitant spirits may move—a little freely, perhaps, but with shelter at hand. Unless, by chance, they, like some men, are artists. Artists, at least, in life.

Alice Beal Parsons

Thick and Thin

Dark of the Moon. By Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Flying Fish. By Grace Hazard Conkling. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

THESE two volumes are as different as a thin single strain of melody and a body of rich orchestration, the purity of the one shining against the intricacy of the second. Yet their writers have in common a constancy to themselves and to the individual qualities which marked them from the start; they have grown within the boundaries originally set, though they have not been able to transcend them. Strangely enough the two books leave one with the same feeling—a sense of beauty being captured, of warm response to life—and the feeling that the poet should, and could, have gone one step further.

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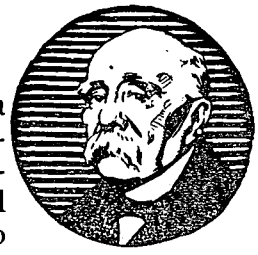

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simple, spontaneous lyricist, her voice remaining as pure as it was ten years ago but carrying a maturer note. Always in such a personal collection there is the danger of monotony, and Miss Teasdale does not wholly avoid this; the same exquisite melancholy touches each poem, she is too clear to be subtle, her mood seldom varies. Her poems should be read singly—one at a time they sometimes touch perfection.

Mrs. Conkling by contrast is opulent and resonant and highly conscious. She reveals a carefully balanced, intelligent design, lavish in its variety, abundant in its detail, daring and luminous in its imagery. "Flying Fish" is better than the author's previous work. Her tendency has always been to thicken with a quantity of color, to confuse and stifle with a luxuriance of beauty, but in this latest volume she has resisted more than ever before the surfeited picture and the prodigal description. Even this book would be better for some further pruning, although the group of poems called A Child in the Mexican Garden is free of all obstructions. It is, however, significant that Mrs. Conkling's first lines are usually her best. The continuing cadences sometimes get out of hand, run off into words, lose their first clarity. Undoubtedly she has recognized this herself, since she has so greatly improved; since also she admits:

> Give me the words and I shall hear
> Their wisdom later.

LENORE G. MARSHALL

Deep as First Love

Mitya's Love. By Ivan Bunin. Translated by Madelaine Boyd. With an Introduction by Ernest Boyd. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

ONE is often given to marvel at the legend which describes youth as a time of gay and careless rapture and dignifies the birth of passion with the sacramental name of "calf" love. The thing is said to offer no more serious a vision than a moon-calf bleating for the stars; and especially in these years the habit of patronizing the calf with a lecture on the proved triviality of love has become a literary business with the intellectuals. Armored in a thick hide of corrupt frivolity they go about being very wise and witty about the facile penalties of young love and solving every obscure entanglement of the soul with a nice logic. It is no longer fashionable to be serious about trivial matters, and to be serious about a serious matter like adolescence is an unpardonable blunder in literary etiquette. One is also given to marvel whether there was ever an age wherein so many wise men were so rooted in their own wisdom and their liberty to advise the young about experience. Elegant bigots are really quite sure that Tristram was no better than a neurotic fool to let himself be doomed by passion. Mary Stuart was born too early to profit by the "Book of Knowledge"; and Cleopatra really died from a bad cold. The Shropshire Lad had no business having those thoughts which put lads in their graves. Men have died and the worms have eaten them, but not for love: no doubt from suppressed desire.

They understand these things better in Russian novels; but, of course, Russian novels are rotten with morbid passion and Russian students who kill themselves never had the chance to go to state universities where informed pedants teach healthy-minded boys and girls how Medea should have "risen above" her passion and resolved all her tearing riddles by studying psychology, or perhaps have given up the adolescence of love for the maturity of a career in interior decorating. The young man in "Mitya's Love" meets betrayal in first love and after a horrible torture of isolation puts a revolver in his mouth and pulls the trigger. No wonder Russia needs civilizing!

There is nothing "new" in Bunin's haunting and exquisite story of Mitya's awakening to the world's painful beauty through his infatuation with Katya and his subsequent long-drawn torment and sudden death. The theme is as threadbare as the continued presence of tragic love in a world so wise that it has already suggested every expedient for remedying the mistakes of lovers who take passion as seriously as they take death. The story shows the familiar process of a young man caught in all the agony of the damned and all the ecstasy of the blessed by discovering life and death and the aching wonder of natural beauty through the involuntary agency of a quite ordinary young girl. It has none of the spectacular melodrama of "The Gentleman from San Francisco" or the descriptive sociology of "The Village." It avoids the virginal poetry of Turgenev's "First Love" and the deep purple of Compton Mackenzie's "Youth's Encounter." It has nothing stronger to recommend it to wisdom than its profound evocation of those years when girls really are wounded with beauty of the summer night; and when young men enter through the scorching magic fire into the enchanted circle which rims the world and conjures up the divine and terrible goddess shaped like a young girl and holding in her sorcery all the illusory phantasms of heaven and all the infernal racks of hell.

DONALD DOUGLAS

Why Women Are Scabs

The Woman Worker and the Trade Unions. By Theresa Wolfson. International Publishers. $1.75.

THE best American women in the labor unions are Russian Jewesses; the hardest women in American industry to organize are the 4,567,346 Anglo-Saxons who are going to marry the district attorney. Labor organizers have discovered after bitter experience that most American girls are too stupid, too ladylike, or too suppressed to join labor unions. The reason for all this have now been explained by an insider in the labor movement, Dr. Wolfson of the International Ladies Garment Workers' Union. Her book is both an analysis of theory and a manual for practical work, a thoroughly satisfying book which should become the authority in the field.

Of the 8,500,000 working women in the United States only 250,000 are organized in trade unions. Why is the union representation so small? Dr. Wolfson goes back to the position of women in the home. "The linking of the woman to her home has undoubtedly secured the perpetuation of the family, but it has at the same time created a state of introversion, an interest in her immediate surroundings and herself, which forms a real obstacle to any attempt at trade-union organization when the woman enters the industrial field." The suppression of women in industry is partly a carry-over from their suppression in the home.

Women are generally classed as unskilled workers and it is a common assumption that they receive low pay because they are unskilled. Perhaps they are classed as unskilled because they receive low pay. Dr. Wolfson at least raises the question. Are chocolate dippers, she asks, any less skilled than garment pressers? It takes about the same time to become proficient at either job, but the girl chocolate dippers receive much lower pay than the men pressers. The average earnings of women in American industry are only one-half to three-quarters the earnings of men. Give a skilled job to a woman and pretty soon it is classified as "semi-skilled."

The efforts of the American Federation of Labor to organize the women workers have been pitifully inadequate. Craft jealousy has played a large part in keeping the women unorganized; resolutions passed at annual conventions about equal pay for equal work have been "wish fulfillments." The Executive Council of the A. F. of L. has never had a woman member; the annual sessions of the Federation are smoke-befogged male monopolies with a few women delegates even more inconspicuous than the women of the British Trades Union Congress. The intelligent efforts to organize women have come chiefly from the New York needle-trades unions, which owe their spirit to European socialism rather than to the A. F. of L., and from the Women's Trade Union League, which is fostered largely by middle-class sympathizers. Dr. Wolfson does not directly attack

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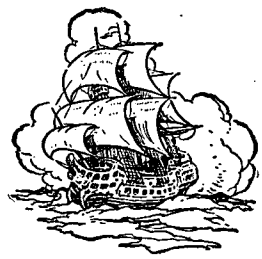

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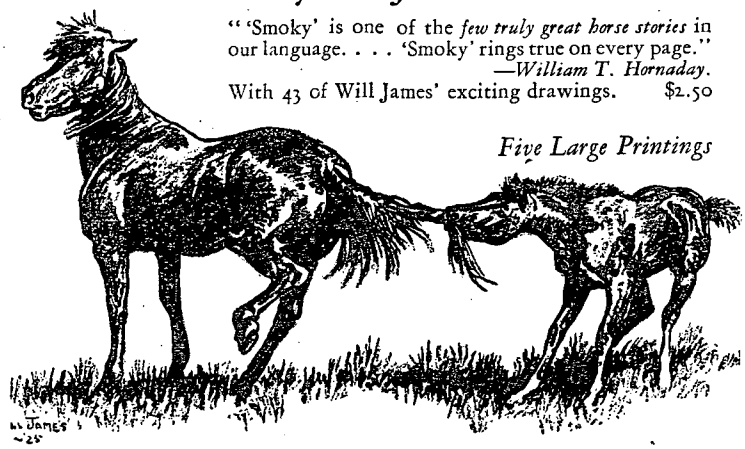

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the A. F. of L. for negligence, but her description of the situation constitutes an indictment of the policy of the A. F. of L. and of the general anti-feminism of American trade unions.

The choicest example of the stupidity of old-line craft unions in facing the woman problem is afforded by the barbers' union. The barbers were having a hard struggle to maintain their union. Suddenly a heaven-sent opportunity was presented to them in the world-wide movement toward bobbed hair. Beauty parlors began to spring up everywhere and women barbers knocked at the door of the union. What did the male barbers do? They fought the entrance of women at every opportunity; the lady barbers of Chicago, Seattle, and Portland were refused charters and defiantly continued as non-union. One of the reasons quoted by Dr. Wolfson was: "In view of the fact of her physical make-up is it not a fact that if she were comely to look upon and possessed extreme charm, would it not have a tendency to create discord among the men who, up to the time of her admittance to membership, were real working brothers?" Now the barbers have lowered their bars to women members, but it is too late; the beauty parlor of the future will be a scab shop.

Can American women be organized in spite of their "well-padded group loyalty to the boss"? Dr. Wolfson says, Yes, on four conditions: if the union broadens its structural boundaries to include the unskilled workers, if the union officials appreciate in their organization campaigns the psychology and racial traditions of the women to be organized, if the union does not give its benediction to the existing differential in wages between men and women, and if the women workers generally will learn to consider themselves a permanent group in industry despite the impermanence of the individual.

PAUL BLANSHARD

Harsh White Noon

Through Many Windows. By Helen Woodward. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IT is an old pleasantry among temperamental conservatives to say that the ranks of political and economic radicalism are recruited from among those who have lacked the competence to thrive under the beneficent regime of the established order. Mrs. Woodward is avowedly and determinedly radical and in her business life she decidedly made a go of it. Thus the autobiography of her business life affords a pleasing disharmony in an old tune which, since people are traditionally conservative, is inconsiderately lodged in the common mind.

Mrs. Woodward's business life lay within the confines of the first quarter of this century, and her success lay in advertising—not merely in writing words which sold books and cosmetics but equally in selling her own commodity—advertising itself—and in managing the complex human relationships which are involved in the pleasant occupation of dispensing someone else's money for words and pictures to influence the public to demand, or accept, one article over another. Mrs. Woodward grew up in a radical Jewish household, but, by that dispensation whereby each generation turns its hand against the truths of the elders, she took refuge in reaction. It was purely an affair of the interplay of natural forces within the family group. When the family group no longer mattered she swung sharply toward the left—"my weakness is always to like the new"—and there she resided.

It was during her conservative period that Mrs. Woodward stepped forth into life, with a wide-eyed "faith in the cool, bright perfection of American business." The moment taxes severely the historical imagination of a generation that is incapable alike of wide eyes or acts of faith. At this time advertising was the youngest of businesses. That meant that it was full of color and personality, but deficient in organization, prestige, or ethics. As it became more respectable, more codified, more ethical, Mrs. Woodward found herself less and less in sympathy with advertising and with the established economic order. Order and dignity are incompatible with joustings and excitement, and smug Hypocrisy, she observed, attends closely upon Ethics.

Writing as an uncompromising realist, Mrs. Woodward refuses to regard business success as worthy of such terminology as "achievement" or "career," nor will she have any other epithet for it which evokes the suggestion of the use of creative faculties. Business has only to do with raking in cash, and he who is cutest accumulates the most counters and is declared to have won the game, which is played without rules.

Epochal changes have come over the philosophy and practice of business in America during Mrs. Woodward's connection with it; but since it occasioned her no pleasure to reflect that she had a part in making them, she took consolation, as realists so often must, in entering joyously and completely into the ebb and flow of each day's event and circumstance. She liked the noise and stir, the authority, the application of her own powers to specific problems, the dust and affray and frenzy with which her daily work was invested. In short, business afforded her a life of adventure, each moment to be lived for itself, and the structure of her occupation to be supported only by the philosophy that there was no philosophy. Indubitably many thrills and a certain qualified happiness are possible under such an arrangement; under some such charter, indeed, most modern intellectuals live out their tale of days, waiting for a new faith.

Activity for its own sake is not satisfying ultimately. Mrs. Woodward became impounded by a sense of the futility and determinism of life, which whirls intelligence "like chaff before the winds." Gently and not too happily she slipped out of the harness, her "success in life" deeply impaired by her devotion to an occupation in which she couldn't believe.

I have tried to indicate that this business autobiography is really a spiritual and intellectual autobiography, for in that direction lies its importance. Twenty years is a long time to spend living in the world yet denying it. Mrs. Woodward did it and preserved her integrity. But the price was high. She closes with these cryptic words her interesting account of a rather significant life: "So at last I made up my mind just to stop and drift. That would be enough. I was mistaken."

GERALD CARSON

New England

Early Autumn. By Louis Bromfield. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.

AGAIN, in this third of his series of panels of the American scene, Louis Bromfield conveys a sense of life, diverse and warm. If that sense is thinner than in the first two books, it is because he conceives of the New England spirit as thin and wintry, just as he sees, most extraordinarily, the rich New England countryside as bleak and unbeautiful, and just as he patronizes the New England deities to whom he refers as Mr. Emerson and Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Lowell. His conception of these last is evidently that formed by a very small boy from the pictures on the cards of his game of authors. Longfellow, the first daring young American literary expatriate who brought back to his country the best in European literature; Emerson, from whom an enterprising author today could still cull a five-foot shelf of high explosives, these he does not know, but only white-haired gentlemen whose clothes are amusingly out of date.

He seems as little conversant with the individual New Englander, that astonishing blend of passion and mysticism, of inhibitions that spring more often from a philosophic fatalism than from respect for social regulations, that poignant burning creature from whom I suspect we shall hear again in American life, even though today he may be frustrate. The very capacity for frustration involves a spiritual and emotional ardor that these people of Mr. Bromfield do not know.

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Yet they are people who are to be found everywhere. I will grant them their collective power to thin the atmosphere around us and to deaden the sky, if the author will first remove the New England label. They are to be found in Boston, of course, but also in New York and Chicago and San Francisco. They form, as Mr. Bromfield rightly assumed, a disturbing background for living passion. But here again one stumbles. It is Mr. Bromfield's chief virtue that he sees the romance in human nature. It is his increasing defect that he brings this out for the reader by sentimental exaggerations of certain heroic traits, rather than by scrupulous respect for all the divergent qualities that enter into every human being. No woman was ever so consistently brave and patient and beautiful and self-denying as his Olivia; and yet any old doddering charwoman one shoulders on the street is more interesting, if one can catch her living and whole.

Mr. Bromfield still leaves the impression with me that he is one of the most richly gifted of our novelists. But in this book he seems definitely to have chosen to let himself off rather easily.

ALICE BEAL PARSONS

The Religious Problem in Mexico

Church and State in Mexico, 1822-1857. By Wilfrid Hardy Callcott. Duke University Press. $4.

THE title of this book is justified only to the extent that in the period under survey the Church-State relation gave rise to the most outstanding political issues and because the two commanding historical peaks are the reform laws and decrees of 1833 (pushed through by that remarkable personality, Valentín Gómez Farías) and the reform constitution of 1857 that "caught the principles of democracy which the Mexican people for half a century had been working out and . . . expressed and crystallized them in a great legal document." Mr. Callcott's book is a scholarly and occasionally vivid account of the political manifestations of these multitudinous tendencies and ideas which disrupted the social and political fabric of Mexico for nearly half a century. It could have been no easy task thus to trace the tangled threads of the conflicting forces at play during the chaotic years when Mexico first tested independence, threads further snarled by rampant personal ambitions, foreign intrigue, and lack of racial and geographic cohesion; but Mr. Callcott capably accomplishes this by sketching the key-pattern of the Colonial régime at the time of Independence and thus tacking each unruly thread to its proper starting-point.

Mexico was not merely attempting to become a nation with a stable government; she was obliged to face the major problems which had agitated Europe most violently since before the Renaissance, a collective task complicated by stubborn indigenous difficulties quite beyond the ken of Europe. Mud-pie simple were the problems of the Thirteen Colonies in comparison to those of that harried country to the south of us, which under the régime of Iturbide was "the third largest empire in the world." We started relatively with a clean slate. Mexico inherited the worst evils and most chronic conflicts of the Old World. From many angles its independence movement was but an attempt to shut out the French enlightenment. In the political field Monarchism was still a vital issue. Freedom (*sic*) began with a Spanish emperor, Iturbide. At least three subsequent heads of the Government, Alamán, Paredes y Arrillaga, and Santa Anna, favored the overthrow of Republicanism. As late as 1854 Santa Anna, supported by the Clergy, sent a representative to Europe to scare up a foreign prince; and even after the Juárez Reform Laws of 1859, Mexico was to be ruled by a Hapsburg. Monarchism vs. Republicanism, Centralism vs. Federalism, Democracy vs. Class-rule, Church vs. State were still bellicose problems not simplified by foreign intrigue, American aggression, militarism, geographical separatism, financial instability. Institutionally, racially, culturally,

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economically Mexico was a super-charged, unstable complex.

To consider these and other factors in their just relations has been the praiseworthy achievement of Mr. Callcott, who surveys the broad river of what he calls "the liberal movement" of the nineteenth century in Mexico, a movement that carried upon its widening current the germs of race and class liberation, twisting in and out through the preliminary yet significant church struggles of the 'thirties and the 'fifties, finally to flow into the broad harbor of the 1857 Constitution. Yet while this constitution magnificently closed an era and paved the way for a long peace, Mr. Callcott, with less of an historian's eye and with more sensitivity to the bitter irony of Mexico and its repeated frustrations, well might have carried his study over into the temporary debacle of democracy and religious liberty—the Maximilian régime. It is to be hoped that he will use his impartial talents to give us a treatment of the subsequent era from 1857 to the present, with similar emphasis upon the Church-State relation. Had such a volume been at hand during the recent religious crisis, we might have had fewer newspaper scareheads and editorial superlatives.

CARLETON BEALS

Mostly Fudge

John Wanamaker. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. $10.

HERE they come again—those "two fat volumes" which Mr. Strachey deplored a few years since. These particular twins are dressed up in a luxurious and yet dignified fashion that would befit a great subject and a great biographer. Had Caesar been the theme, and Plutarch the author, the publishers could hardly have bettered their end of the business. This is not to say that either the subject or the author is negligible. John Wanamaker may have been as great a man as Mr. Gibbons so staunchly believes and tries to prove through more than 800 detailed and painstaking pages; he may have been as important as some thousands of Americans believe. To some others, however, this story which rings all the familiar changes on a threadbare topic—the rise of a poor American boy from the position of a brick-worker to the eminence of a great American merchant—appears about as drab and dispiriting as any Horatio Alger masterpiece. Here, for the hundredth or thousandth time, are concretely illustrated those sterling (catchpenny, one might say) American virtues of grit, thrift, spunk, "money back," "infinite capacity for detail," and, of course, piety. No matter what Wanamaker did—whether he passed around those religious tracts with which his pockets commonly bulged; whether he had a "fine talk" with Queen Victoria's daughter, the Princess Louise ("My, but I enjoyed it!"); whether he continued the salaries of his employees who volunteered for the Spanish-American War; whether his account book and his New Testament perpetually jostled each other in his inside pocket; whether he tried his "best to buy in falling markets"; whether, in visiting the Holy Sepulchre, "yielding to an irresistible temptation, I stretched myself out on the tomb"; whether he served efficiently as Postmaster-General under Harrison; or whether, at eighty-four, he "jumped out of bed eager for the day's work"—he always did those things that the average American most heartily applauded and most wished that he himself might do. And yet, despite the fact that his life was "radiant adventure, always, always, always," his greatest desire remained unfulfilled. "In each man's soul is some cherished dream or purpose that he confides to none. Mr. Wanamaker's dream was to write a life of Martin Luther." There were times, indeed, when his optimism ("Pollyanna," next to the Bible, was his best-loved book) almost failed him. On July 4, 1903, he wrote: "The pity of it all forever to drudge and never to budge from mostly fudge!"

Mr. Gibbons has done his job with appalling thoroughness—no one, it is safe to say, will ever be tempted to write another two-volume life of Wanamaker. Yet it seems that the author is still unsatisfied with his labors, for in one place he darkly com-

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ments: "A volume could be written about Wanamaker and the piano business." He also brandishes a threatening pitchfork at possibly captious critics by stating in his bibliography that "the authority for every statement made and the quotations—very often in Wanamaker's own handwriting—are preserved on fifteen thousand cards, thoroughly indexed and classified." Nevertheless his logic is sometimes rather curious. These two sentences are taken from the same paragraph: "Wanamaker . . . was instinctively incapable of partisanship or sectarianism at every stage of his life. . . . Through thick and thin, from Lincoln to Harding, he stuck by the [Republican] Party." And once he allows a slight speck to remain on the portrait: "Although we doubt whether he read every word of it, he sometimes called 'Les Miserables' his favorite work of fiction." For few, indeed, are the dark shadows that lurk in the background of the picture—Mr. Gibbons has brushed them away. But he defends his hero so vehemently that one begins to wonder: could there have been so much smoke without a tiny blaze somewhere? And then one turns to take another look at the intriguing copyright.

And so, while this is assuredly the definitive and official life of Wanamaker, one still wonders—is it *the* life? Wanamaker himself, in one of his lucid moments, once telegraphed: "Thinking, trying, toiling, and trusting in God is all my biography." Perhaps Mr. Gibbons bettered this laconic utterance in his terse opening sentence: "John Wanamaker earned money for seventy-five years." A thousand years hence, will anyone remember even as little as that?

R. F. DIBBLE

Once More the Impossible

A Short History of Civilization. By Lynn Thorndike. F. S. Crofts and Company. $5.

PROFESSOR THORNDIKE has placed a tolerably adequate account of the development of civilization from the Old Stone Age to Locarno within the covers of a single volume. He has, of course, rushed in where his colleagues fear to tread. Few men in this age of specialization care to expose themselves to attack upon so many fronts. But Professor Thorndike is no novelist with a sudden enthusiasm for *Kulturgeschichte*, getting up his subject overnight. As a medievalist he has sure foundations for a survey of the cultural history of Western Europe. His studies in magic have led him into the heart of that complex of science, pseudo-science, and superstition which forms so large a part of our vaunted civilization. Finally, he is an experienced teacher, not in one field of history but in many. It would be rash to assert that he is the one man in the country who should have undertaken this particular task, but it is clear that he is by far the ablest who has yet tackled it single-handed.

His book is carefully planned and clearly written. The major problems of emphasis and proportion have been solved with considerable success. The Far and the Near East have received due attention, though the center of interest is naturally in Western Europe. Neither constant use of the compound adjective nor the veritably interminable flow of fact has made the book unreadable. Pert statements of the author's own prejudices are sufficiently frequent to lure the reader on. "The human mind moves slowly at best, and the military mind still more slowly." "It is not recorded that the great librarians of Alexandria ever attended a library school, but they knew what was in the books in their library." "The Fascisti with Mussolini as dictator instituted a regime of forced labor, sobriety, and order, seasoned with much sententious bombast, imperialistic 'flapdoodle,' and occasional bloodshed." This is no ordinary textbook.

New viewpoints and novel theories are to be found in the book, but they are not numerous. In the main the author has been content to skim the cream from the works of others; he has used the best books, however. The chapters devoted to medieval Europe are exceptionally good, notably that on medieval art. An earlier chapter on Hellenistic culture and later

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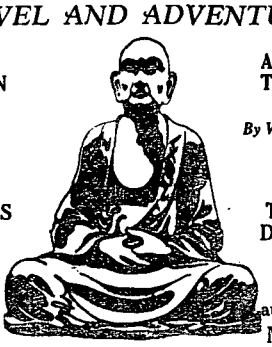

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chapters on the religious changes in early modern Europe and on the economic changes at the beginning of the nineteenth century are new in manner and admirable in content. The comparative neglect of Charlemagne and the absolute omission of Frederick II are hard to understand. The institutional phases of European civilization have been slighted. The description of feudalism is especially unsatisfactory. The author seems curiously unappreciative of the contributions of Erasmus, Luther, and Voltaire. On the other hand both Louis XIV and Napoleon have fared better than one could expect. Henry VIII still seeks a "divorce." Many would not agree that Joseph II was the best example of enlightened despotism.

But it is as a textbook that it will be judged. And here the reviewer confesses to firm convictions. His experience, reasonably extensive, has persuaded him that we already attempt too much in our general courses in European history. Professor Thorndike would have us abandon the relatively simple thread of political history and take up the whole field of cultural achievement; he would have us start with the Old Stone Age. He thinks that we are now prevented from so doing only by a lack of able teachers and an adequate textbook. The latter he has supplied. Turn to the accounts of the Peloponnesian League or of the "fuller democracy of Athens" or to the beautifully balanced summary of Chinese culture or to the masterly digest of Restoration England. What will the average student derive from all this? To him even the names are new, almost every phrase without helpful connotation, unless he already has other and extensive contacts with history or allied subjects. Barrett Wendell once remarked that thirty years of experience had convinced him that English composition could not be taught, but that the attempt should be made. The failure of the history of civilization as an elementary subject in our colleges seems assured; the necessity for attempting it, of course, may still be demonstrated.

SIDNEY R. PACKARD

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. This year in addition a second prize of $50 and a third prize of $25 will be offered. The rules for 1926 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Wednesday, December 1, and not later than Friday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page.

3. No manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent.

4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length or which are translations or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poems will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 9, 1927.

7. Besides the winning poems, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

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A Library List of Children's Books

In response to a request from The Nation *the children's librarians of the Boston, Detroit, Chicago, and St. Louis public libraries have selected the following as the best children's books of the current season. Each librarian was asked by* The Nation *for five titles. Only the first four of the titles below appeared on more than one list.*

Wiggin, K. D., and Smith, N. A. *Tales of Laughter.* Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry. Doubleday, Page. $3.

Milne, A. A. *Winnie-the-Pooh.* Dutton. $2.

MacManus, Seumas. *Donegal Wonder Book.* Stokes. $2.

Gardiner, Alice Cushing, and Osborne, Nancy Cabot. *Father's Gone Awhaling.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

Skinner, C. L. *White Leader.* Macmillan, $1.75.

Field, Rachel. *Taxis and Toadstools.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

Moon, Grace. *Chi-Wee and Loki.* Doubleday, Page, $2.

Lustig, Sonia. *Roses of the Winds.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

Shannon, Monica. *California Fairy Tales.* Doubleday, Page. $2.

Morrow, Honoré Wilsie. *On to Oregon.* William Morrow. $1.75.

Putnam, David. *David Goes to Greenland.* Putnam. $1.75.

Tee-Van, Helen Damrosch. *Red Howling Monkey.* Macmillan. $2.

White, Hervey. *Snake Gold.* Macmillan. $1.75.

Zeitlin, Ida. *Skazki.* Doran. $5.

Daniel, Hawthorne. *Gauntlet of Dunmore.* Macmillan. $1.75.

Books in Brief

Miniatures of French History. By Hilaire Belloc. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

Mr. Belloc, as a historian, has three claims upon public consideration: he writes readably, carries the burden of his learning easily, and never permits his cranky notions to interfere with fact. The present gift-volume—a very neat one in its external make-up—will be particularly acceptable to eager, studious boys and girls of sixteen or thereabouts, staring round-eyed, from the Darien-peak of their youth, upon the wonders of the human past.

Eve Walks in Her Garden. By Louise Ayres Garnett. The Macmillan Company. $2.

A volume of utterly simple poetry, which for all its delicacy covers deep ranges of emotion. It passes from rhythmic ballads to two or three-line lyrics, from strong moving assertions of faith to fresh and fanciful pictures; and in whatever the author touches is the quality of truth.

The Story of the Catholic Church. By Cuthbert Wright. Albert and Charles Boni. $2.50.

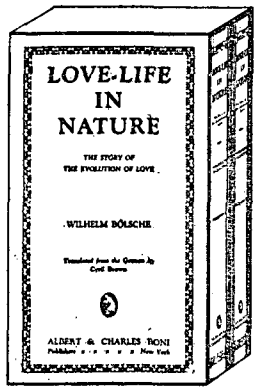
This volume lacks learning, an insight into the moving laws of human history, reconstructive power, a title indicative of content, and an index. What is left, after all these deficiencies are accounted for, is an impressionist sketch of some picturesque details of Roman ecclesiasticism. The book is evidently founded on the time-honored Greenwich Village assumption that susceptible nerves and a thin, newspapery sort of education are the sole prerequisite of writing "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

Loyalism in Virginia. Chapters in the Economic History of the Revolution. By Isaac S. Harrell. Duke University Press. $1.50.

An excellent help in the study of the *static* forces of the American War of Independence, which assists in putting the history of our nascent commonwealth upon the solid soil of economic fact.

The Great American Ass. An Autobiography. Anonymous. Brentano's. $3.50.

"I, the Yankee cub nursed on the milk of Massachusetts legend and reared up to roar the Yankee triumphs, am an ass



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in the wilderness of frustration (p. 3-4) . . . I write the defeatist's saga of the prairie empire (p. 3) . . . 'Mother,' said [my father] 'we've raised a foolish child' (p. 12) . . . I am a mean guy and I exult in . . . wholesome extermination even though I and my own tribe be the ones that are exterminated. Down with all self-kidding weaklings. Damn them (p. 273) . . . As I flop around with a consumptive's restlessness, my sound is a rattling dirge, an aching yawp. I froth at the mouth with frustration. I think of my kin in tradition, another amiable gullible ass, Henry Adams (p. 315) . . . At any rate, it's great to be an ass (p. 140)." It must be.

Darwin. By Gamaliel Bradford. Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

Seven chapters make up this book: The Observer, The Thinker, The Discoverer, The Loser, The Lover, The Destroyer, The Scientific Spirit. It is possible that Darwin may be best comprehended if viewed from these several angles; but—as Mr. Bradford is doubtless aware—any such analytical device is largely arbitrary and, furthermore, it tends to a certain amount of overlapping in both argument and illustration. As a working device, however, it is sufficiently effective and perhaps, in the case of such a man as Darwin, analysis and argument should supersede narration. If Mr. Bradford is sometimes too garrulous and repetitious, he is frequently shrewd and discriminating; if he tends to exhort too much, he has no patience whatever with the theologians who dogged and besmirched Darwin; and if he is somewhat too personal and plaintive in his concern over metaphysical mysteries, he shows a minute, judicious, and urbane knowledge of the vast revolution which Darwin was chiefly instrumental in effecting.

Causes and Their Champions. By M. A. DeWolfe Howe. Little, Brown and Company. $4.

This book has two aims: it deals with eight causes "directly affecting contemporary life in America," and with the man or woman who was principally instrumental in furthering each cause. While including Phillips Brooks as the champion of tolerance in religion, Mr. Howe yet excludes Garrison on the ground that anti-slavery "is omitted only as a *res adjudicata*." To those who are interested in a surface presentation of things, this distinction will doubtless appear valid; to those who, with Carlyle, believe that Negro slavery was only a symptom of a national disease that still persists in other forms, and that religious toleration is most decidedly unsettled, the distinction will be unsatisfactory. The volume, in short, while written in a clear and businesslike fashion, offers little that is new in material, in method, or in theory.

Translations and Tomfooleries. By Bernard Shaw. Brentano's. $2.25.

The Austrian novelist and playwright Siegfried Trebitsch translated into German the bulk of Shaw's work and Shaw out of pure gratitude undertook to render into English Herr Trebitsch's "Jitta's Atonement," although—as one might have guessed beforehand—he found it impossible to refrain from making it over to suit himself. This is the "Translations" (*sic*) of the present volume. The "Tomfooleries" include the well-known "Admirable Bashville" and "Press Cuttings" as well as several even slighter skits, one or two of which were written for theatrical benefits. Shaw's more extravagant burlesques are usually amusing in dialogue but rather feeble in general conception.

The Memoirs of Carlo Goldoni. Translated by John Black. The Blue Jade Library. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

In his introduction William Drake justly accepts the statement of Gibbon that these memoirs are the most pleasing and vital of their author's comedies. Written in old age after his retirement to France, they are admirable expressions of the same ebullient, superficial nature which went to the making of the plays and, being less artificial, have less quickly faded. Casanova himself gives a scarcely more vivid picture of rococo Venice.

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Apostate. By Forrest Reid. Houghton Mifflin Company $4.

Spiritual autobiography is a difficult literary medium, and this one—for all its tranquil detail, its quiet sincerity, and its unceasing effort to recapture the moods of childhood—fails to reach a rounded reality. The style is limpid and many of the pictures are vivid, but the recital seems lacking in cohesive strength. It ends, moreover, on an indeterminate note, baffling to the reader.

The Painted Room. By Margaret Wilson. Harper and Brothers. $2.

Not particularly interesting people are moved about here like furniture. Like much of the current vintage of fiction, this deals in certain contrasts between the arriving and the departing generation, but it adds little to the already overcrowded warehouse. If done brilliantly the theme still justifies itself, but here the touch is inclined to be heavy, fraying out in thin philosophy.

The Clean Up. By Mark Lee Luther. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.

The endless petty politics of the small American city in which not even a fire is handled to the satisfaction of the party that is out of office affords Mr. Luther a theme which he develops in a manner half Rotarian and half satirical. The characters are all black or all white, in accordance with the tested formula of melodrama, which simplifies the author's problem and places no mental burdens on the reader. The main outlines of the novel are conventional, but Mr. Luther is a shrewd transcriber of the contemporary idiom, and it is this which constitutes the best feature of his story.

Americana 1926. Edited by H. L. Mencken. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

"The *boobus Americanus*"—Mr. Mencken once informed the readers of *The Nation*—"is a bird that knows no closed season," and the adage explains why both barrels of Mr. Mencken's shotgun are kept smoking hot month in and month out. The editor of the *American Mercury* is as heedlessly destructive of our American fools as the pioneers were of wild pigeons and bison. Can it be that the supply already begins to diminish? It sounds impossible, but the fact remains that in his second anthology of American asininity Mr. Mencken ekes out his materials with an Appendix from Foreign Parts. His statement that the appendix was added at the request of various American patriotic societies contains probably a germ of truth. Lovers of our native wild life begin to sicken at the unending slaughter and to dart foreboding eyes toward a drab and foolless future. . . . But their alarm is perhaps slightly premature.

Music

Music and Common Sense—I

THE relations expressed by musical sounds, I have explained,[1] are not relations between the quantities and qualities of ordinary experience, but relations *sui generis*. They do not, therefore, conform to the categories derived from and applicable to ordinary experience, but to categories which are again *sui generis*, which represent special aural adaptations to combinations of musical sounds. This means that the common sense that is applicable to ordinary experience does not enable one to understand musical relations or provide a standard by which to judge them. What a person guided solely by common sense understands by the developing of a theme—what he knows of the process as it is applied to a subject of ordinary experience—does not enable him to understand what is meant by the process as it is applied to a musical subject, or to follow it through when he meets it; for the processes are as unlike as the subjects. And though he is familiar with a formal quality like symmetry or proportion in groups of physical objects, he does not understand

[1] In "Music and the External World," *The Nation*, October 13.

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it and cannot recognize it when it is the attribute of groups of musical tones. A scientist, then, may not be able to distinguish one phrase of music from another, since the intellectual discipline is distinct from the specialized musical discipline that makes it possible to apprehend a type of music.

This may appear obvious, but many notions prevail which fail to observe the distinction. For example, a popular program, by which is meant one that consists of simple, obvious music, is regularly spoken of as suiting the taste of a popular audience, by which is meant one that consists of intellectually unsophisticated persons; whereas in fact it suits the taste of even educated persons to whom all but the simplest of the special materials and processes of music are something of a mystery. And of late the demand has been more insistent than ever that music and its criticism and commentary be made intelligible to the layman; or rather that music—the art discussed, as well as individual compositions heard—be made intelligible to him by means of criticism and commentary that are intelligible; a demand which again, as I shall show, ignores the distinction between music and ordinary experience and between the musical discipline and the intellectual.

Parenthetically, it is interesting that the failure to observe this distinction—like most of the errors with which musical commentary swarms—results itself from the very distinction ignored, that is, from the fact that usually the man who knows his music cannot think straight enough, and the man who can think straight does not know enough about music to avoid error. When—to take the first case—music is left, as apparently it should be, to be handled by the musical specialist, it is left in effect to one who usually has not learned objectivity, and who, therefore, is constantly guilty of special pleading—and this on behalf of nothing more than his little prejudices against this type of music or for that. He sets out, as he thinks, to trace the connection between the revolutions of a century ago and music,[2] but in reality to make out a case against program music and other more recent tendencies as being infantile. He ends, therefore, not only by not discovering the connection but by confusing, among other things, musical with intellectual sophistication. On the other hand, the identical confusion is made by the intellectually sophisticated person who out of his ignorance of music demands a musical counterpart of "Why We Behave Like Human Beings." And it is this demand, as I have said, with the relation it implies between music and common sense, that calls for discussion.

Music has its proper place with activities like philosophy and mathematics, which use a technical terminology or a special set of symbols, either to introduce a desirable economy in expression or to express relations that cannot be expressed in any other way. But even in this class music stands apart. If Einstein's final results can be expressed only in mathematical symbols, nevertheless the relations so symbolized can be reduced to (or, in a sense, expanded into) other mathematical relations and this process continued until a relation is reached simple enough to be expressed adequately and clearly in ordinary language. The same can be done, with less difficulty, for the ideas of philosophy, and with comparative ease for those of anthropology. The layman must, then, be willing to learn the definitions of certain technical terms (the successful popularizer, then, is one who can induce his readers to learn them; the most easily popularized science that one of which the technical terms are most closely related to, and most easily incorporated in, the ordinary vocabulary); but if he does learn these definitions he has the means, not, probably, of appreciating the aesthetic qualities of a philosophic or mathematical demonstration, but at least of understanding some of the materials and processes which exhibit, in certain combinations and to certain individuals, these aesthetic qualities. Not so with music. The simplest verbal definition or description of the simplest musical relation uses terms which stand for purely musical facts, and which are meaningless until these musical facts have been apprehended directly

[2]Daniel Gregory Mason, in "Contemporary Composers."

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as musical facts. There is, then, no making music intelligible to the absolute layman by using language that is intelligible as language. What such language makes intelligible is only whatever quantities and qualities the words refer to in ordinary experience; the judgments that are made are judgments of only such quantities and qualities; and the criteria that are introduced by these judgments are common-sense criteria which govern only the aforementioned quantities and qualities. It requires knowledge of music in addition to translate these quantities and qualities into musical facts, the judgments into musical judgments, and the criteria into musical criteria. And since one possessing the requisite knowledge of music does not need the intelligible language, the use and value of such language is in any case solely that of literature or entertainment, not of enlightenment.

I have, it is true, been dealing with the extreme and rare case of the absolute layman, the person absolutely unacquainted with music; but what I have said of him remains true up the line: where the direct experience with the musical fact is adequate to a correct understanding of the verbal explanation the explanation is superfluous; where the direct experience is not adequate the explanation is useless. And so, given a person with actual but slight musical sophistication, there is no making Brahms intelligible and enjoyable to him by mere verbal descriptions of the intricate materials and processes involved. Instead there must be direct, comprehending—which means educated—experience with the materials and processes, but experience itself educated by direct experience with less intricate materials and processes. Otherwise, if the reader ever gets to a concert he finds that the verbal descriptions he understood do not confront him, and the processes that confront him he does not understand.

B. H. HAGGIN

Drama

"The Witch"

LAST season "The Dybbuk" illustrated one of the ways in which a playwright may avail himself of emotional experiences completely alien to his audience. Throughout, the author identified himself with the milieu he described and wrote the play as if he shared to the fullest extent the beliefs which constituted its premises. The audience was asked to put itself in the place of those with whom the story dealt, to renounce for the time being the spiritual world in which it was accustomed to live, and by an act of poetic faith to believe in the mythology of the Chassidic Jews.

The result of such a method, when it is successfully employed, is the production of a beautiful anachronism. By consenting to accept, during a certain time, an alien weltanschauung the spectator opens his soul to new terrors and new sublimities and he is led to partake in whatever strange and beautiful experiences his borrowed faith makes possible. He is frightened by things which he does not really fear, moved by passions foreign to his nature, stirred by conflicts that do not really concern him. He accepts, in a word, both the penalties and the rewards of a spiritual world not his own, so that, for example, in the case cited, he endures the dark terrors of a gloomy superstition for the sake of the compensating sense which it brings of inhabiting a universe made important by the omnipresence of unseen powers whose concern is with him: a universe, that is to say, at once darker and more sublime than that daylight one which rationality has robbed at once of its terror and its grandeur.

A play of this sort asks of the intellect sympathy, not judgment. It aims to lull the critical faculty to sleep and its purpose is to make the distant past live again exactly as once it did. Successful as it may be, such is not, however, the only way in which an alien world may be presented. We may be

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asked instead to go back with our eyes open, to judge events as we should judge them here and now, to react with our waking souls to other creeds and other deeds. Then we do not, as we did before, live the lives of those we watch and, starting from their premises, reach their conclusions; we stand over them instead. Viewed thus from a different angle events take on different meanings, so that the performance of a duty becomes, perhaps, a folly and justice mere cruelty. Judgment, not sympathy, is called into play and our experience is not wholly, at least, poetic, but in part critical as well.

Such is the method employed in the somber tragedy which John Masefield took from the Norwegian of Wiers-Jenssen and called "The Witch" (Greenwich Village Theater). The scene is sixteenth-century Norway and the subject witchcraft, not witchcraft as it appeared to those who lived in the days when it flourished and when burnings seemed as inevitable as executions seem today but witchcraft as we in retrospect see it. To those who played their parts in the ghastly tragedies enacted throughout the Western world it appeared as a terrible emergency, a visible eruption of hell, and upon their premises a moving play could be written; but Wiers-Jenssen has chosen to give us instead the drama of witchcraft as we see it, the tragedy, that is to say, of a delusion so cunningly calculated to play into the hand of all human weakness—superstition, fear, malice, and insanity—and to unite them into one frightful weapon of evil as to be worthy of any devil the human imagination has ever conceived. And the result is that while "The Dybbuk" made us almost regret our rationality, "The Witch" holds us shuddering over an abyss which, thank God, no longer yawns for us.

In the beginning the author prepares us for the full significance of what is to come by striking terror to the heart with a ghastly scene in which an old woman (unforgettably played by Maria Ouspenskaya) is dragged away to the stake; then, in a series of vividly imagined scenes, he shows how the net, which she herself helps to weave, closes round the body of an unfortunate girl and destines her too for the stake. The sexually starved wife of an old man and the daughter of a dead woman upon whom the suspicion of witchcraft had fallen, she herself at moments mistakes her incipient hysteria for demonic possession, and so when her husband dies suddenly she is half convinced that her wishing killed him. The dead man's mother, seizing, without quite knowing what she does, this pretext to indulge in a long-nourished hate, denounces her and she, stricken with terror, faints under a test. Then her lover, overcome with fear and unconsciously glad of an opportunity to shift the burden of his guilt and to blame his fall upon supernatural powers, deserts her at the last moment and her fate is sealed. One by one, morbid nerves, then malice, and then fear have played their parts, and thanks to them a whole people, strengthened anew in their delusion, will harden their hearts in the name of righteousness and rejoice at the spectacle when fire wraps itself around shrinking flesh.

Montague Summers, whose researches into the drama and whose recent fanatic book upon the subject of witchcraft both give him a certain right to speak, calls "The Witch" "probably the finest piece of work dealing in domestic fashion with the warlock and sorceress that has been seen on the English stage since the reign of wise King James," and in spite of the fact that its last two acts never reach the high level of the first two and that there are moments when it loses itself in too extended treatment of the love of the witch and her paramour, I think that he is right. Here are genuine pity and genuine terror in which both the imagination and the intellect are involved.

The production is generally excellent and two performances besides that of Maria Ouspenskaya demand especial mention—the restrained intelligent performance of Alice Brady as the witch and the burning intensity of James C. Malaidy's playing in the role of a fanatical priest.

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